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THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

To every weary heart, God's promises Are sweet with comfort, and, 'mid earth's alarms, The Christian soul, in times of trouble, sees Beneath his own the Everlasting Arms.

When weary grows the heart, and long the road, And thorns and brambles hedge our pathways in. Then God's own arms beneath the heavy load, Will help us bear the burden of our sin.

Oh heart, take courage, and be strong to bear Life's burdens, while you drain each bitter cup. Thou canst not fall, for in thy father's care The Everlasting Arms will bear thee up. Oh promise sweet! Oh promise fraught with peace! The way may seem beset with wild alarms, But I remember, and my fears all cease, Beneath me are the Everlasting Arms.

Lady Helen's Vow;

THE MOTHER'S SECRET.

A Romance of Love and Honor.

BY THE LATE MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE CASTLE.

HILDA made her way to the spot, two-thirds down the rocks, where the revenue-officer had fallen. Standing on a broad ledge, she disengaged his dress from the boughs, and lifted up his head. He was quite insensible.

With all her prodigious strength, she could barely manage to drag him along the ledge to the bushes where the path leading upward began; a blind, zigzag way, perilous to tread even in daylight, and much more so in darkness, burdened with the body of a wounded or dying man. She could not carry him up, but she made a soft bed of leaves, and laid him down, covering him with her shawl, and bathing his head and face with water that trickled from a crevice at hand.

crevice at hand.

Presently a faint moan came from the sufferer, and he moved his arm slightly.

With another effort he raised himself on his

"Where am I?" he asked.
Hilda explained that he had fallen from the top of the cliff, and was sorely bruised; but would be better if he would only remain quiet

of terror starting out on her face. "For mercy's sake, man, speak! Who could do such a Nay, I know not his name; but I should

know him again if I saw him."
"You would know him again?"

"You would know him again?"
"I would surely know him. If you saw me fall, woman, you must have seen him, too!"
"No—no—no!" vehemently exclaimed she.
"I charge no man wi' such a crime. It would

ha'e been murder."
Hilda's motive in succoring the officer was to save her master. It would be believed he meant to kill the man; Kenneth would be sent to prison; in case of the injured man's death, it might bring him to the scaffold!

"Don't trouble yourself wi' such thoughts, man!" she went on, earnestly. "Lie you there, while I go for some one to help carry ye fur-

"And a cup of liquor, dame, an you please.

I feel very faint."

Hilda muttered to herself as she ran up the Hilda muttered to herself as she ran up the ascent. But for the necessity of shielding her chief, she would fain have left the injured man

to his fate.

"If he can be got to the hawthorns—the hollow in the rock wi' a stane like a blue whinstane, he'll be hid frae them that seek him."

She shuddered again.

"They say there's a bluid-stain there, though the water rins o'er it, and has done the same for years bygane. Eugh! butit's cauld, and the north wind whistles amang the brackens."

The barking of a dog was heard. Hilda stopped and whistled.

The next moment a huge animal bounded to-

The next moment a huge animal bounded toward her, leaped up, and greeted her with demonstrations of joy.
"A thousand welcomes, Snath!" she exclaim

for I know thy master is near, and I want him sorely."
"Who wants me!" repeated a gruff voice, and
the form of a tall man was dimly descried, com-

ing down the rocks.
"Oh, Matlin, is it you? Speak!"
"Who else should it be—and who are you? It

is a woman's voice.

"I am Hilda, the housekeeper."
"Hilda! And what do you here?"
"Know you not, Matlin, seer as you are?
What else brought you, just at the moment succor is most needed?" Succor? Are you in peril, Dame Hilda?"

"Not me! Surely you know?"
"I know nothing; I am blind to-night. Or my sense is stunned!"

As he came near, the woman grasped his arm. "Come with me, on the instant."
She led the way down by the winding path

among the rocks.

"Where are you going?" demanded the man.

"That I should have to tell a seer like you,
Mat! Knew ye naught of the chief in deadly

The chief-Kenneth? Why, I spoke with him going toward the castle."

"My tongue be palsied for what I was about to say! Is it for me to betray him?" muttered the woman. "Nac—nae! It's not the chief, but one of the men that sought him. He fell frae the cliff, and needs help! I could not carry him up to the hellow." up to the hollow.



Alicia's feet were already on the grimy steps. "I cannot go alone!" she said. "Come you with me!"

Thus answering Matlin's questionings, she led the way to the spot where the hurt stranger lay. He gave a faint moan as he heard them, but answered them not in words. He had been trying to get upon his feet, and the effort had utterly exhausted him.

Matlin lifted him, as assily as if he had been "And Logs" wull make loyal slaves of us all. Belike this comes of your visits to our comely cousin, the Baron of Swinton!"

"I am not favored there!" muttered Herrick.

and not attempt to rise.

"Who are you! It is a woman's voice. How came you here to help me?"

"I saw you fall, and ran down the path. You might have been killed, but the branches of a tree broke your fall on the ledge yonder."

"I know; I remember now. A man came up behind and grappled me, and pushed me off."

"You must not talk so!" said the woman, shuddering. "Your foot slipped while you were looking through the telescope."

"Not so; some one clutched me to throw me down. I saw the man—"

"You saw him?" shrieked Hilda, a cold sweat of terror starting out on her face. "For mer-

The castle, meanwhile, was the scene of mer-riment, mingled with fierce defiance and bluster-

ng threats.

Kenneth Maur, a powerfully-built, stern-looking man, with shaggy beard and bushy gray hair, sat at the head of the table after the evening meal had been dispatched, with a huge flagon of wine before him. Several of his kinsen and retainers still occupied their seats

and many were drinking while they talked.

Contradictory rumors had come in, concerning the movements or intentions of the govern ang the movements or intentions of the govern-ment men. Some said they had departed quietly; some that the cutter was lying in the cove, ready on the morrow to reconnoiter the coast. Others said that they had sent for a reinforcement of soldiers, and were going to search the castle for the smugglers' stores.

At every suggestion Kenneth would laugh hoarsely, and say the variets had better present themselves at his gates; he would give them a welcome from his guns, etc. He lifted the flagon to his lips and took a mighty draught after every speech; and while the latter was applauded, the first was imitated by his followers.

lowers.

The door was pushed open and a young man came in. He was about twenty-two years of age, though his broad and stout frame might have made him appear much older, but for his youthful face and fresh complexion. He had bushy yellow hair and blue eyes; and a long, tawny mustache partly concealed his mouth. He would have been called handsome even in refined society. He was attired in a full suit of dark green cloth with leather breeches and heavy boots, and wore a slouched hat, which he lifted, or rather swept from his head, as he came in, dragging a heavy carbine in his left hand.

"So, you are here at last, Herrick, my son," was his greeting from the chief. "Make room, there! A seat for you at my right hand; your place, boy! More wine!"

But Herrick declined both the wine and the place at table. He stood his carbine in a corner, looked around gloomily upon the rest, and then

looked around gloomily upon the rest, and then sunk into a leathern chair by the huge chimney, n which green fragrant bushes occupied the blace of logs that in winter made the great ba-onial hall warm for the revelers.

place of logs that in winter made the great baronial hall warm for the revelers.

In answer to his father's history of what had occurred, and demands for his aid in maintaining their independence, the young man said, with a slight provincial accent:

"I have heard of all this. Will ye have my counsel, or do ye contemn it, father?"

"Speak freely, boy; I bid ye."

"Then my counsel is—that you throw open the castle to their search."

"What! admit the government men under this roof in peace on such an errand?"

"Why not! You have no war with the government, and they will find naething here."

"But they shall not come here—to put shame upon us as sneaks and cowards!"

Kenneth's words evoked a muttered assent from his followers around the table.

"It is not cowardly to avoid needless bloodshedding, or even strife," said the young man.

Baron of Swinton!"
"I am not favored there!" muttered Herrick.
"And I care not."
"Show yourself a man, then!" shouted the chief; "loyal to your clan and your ain house! Who counsels submission is a traitor!"
Young Herrick started to his feet.
"Who calls me traitor?" he fiercely demended

"None here," answered one of his cousins,
usquely. "The chief but said he who would
usquely. "The chief but said he who would brusquely. "The chief but said he who would take a slave's treatment at the hands of our foes is so; and he is right. The spies shall not enter the castle. We will fight to pre-

"And I will not fight at any bidding!" cried Herrick, advancing to the table, and glaring at the others, who drew back as if in scorn as he approached.

The burst of laughter and mutterings of "cra-

ven," violently irritated the young man. He seized a stone pitcher, and was about to hurl it at one of the men, when his arm was clutched

by Gregory, the first speaker.

At the same instant one of the trusted retainers of Kenneth entered hastily, and whispered in the ear of his chief.
"It is well, Bertram," Kenneth replied.
"Go and call Hilda; she will receive our visi-

The man bowed low, and withdrew The man bowed low, and withdrew.
"Sit down, rash boy," said the chief to his son. "Let me hear nae mair of this unseemly violence. Since you have refused to aid us with the strength of your arm, will ye marry to better the fortunes of your house?" "I know not what you mean," grumbled the

"I am not dark of speech! I say, will ye lead a fair bride to the aftar at my bidding?"

"That depends on whether she pleases me or pleaseth me not," was the undutiful re-

"Suppose I asked you to wed your fair cousin, Mistress Alicia Maur!" A deep flush swept over Herrick's face, and he turned it away for an instant.

"He scorns women!" cried Gregory, deri-

The others laughed.

Herrick echoed the mirth in bitter mockery.

Then he turned to his father.

"You have more pluck than power!" he said.

"That fair cousin would laugh to scorn your

suit or mine! "Suppose I were sure of her consent?"
"But that canna be. Think ye the proud baron—her father—with his English associates, would listen to a loon like Herrick Maur?"

Are ye not next heir to the title, failing son What of that? It is an empty title; or carries little land wi' it."
"Little land, but muckle state! A baron of
Swinton may hold his ain wi' England's proudest

peers! And his daughter is fairest among the "We a' ken that!" cried Gregory. "Here's to her health!" A dozen cups were lifted to

drain the wine.

"Be silent!" exclaimed Herrick, impatiently.

"I ask again, what means all this?"

"It means, boy, that I can bestow your cousin, if ye are minded to wed her; ay, this

Nay-'tis ill jesting, when the speech is of a "It is nae jest. Ye shall wed her within the fair maiden. "If she wills, I am willing enough," said the pung man. "But—"

"Let the minister be called—" began the chief. He was interrupted.

The great bell of the castle—the bell that was never heard unless danger threatened, or a chief of the house was dead—swung out its slow and solemn peal!

CHAPTER V

CHAPTER V.

THE SEER'S WARNING.

All the men started to their feet.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Kenneth.

The front door was thrown open, and a figure
f aspect familiar to all passed over the threshld. It was that of a tall, stalwart-looking man,

reproduing a dark mentle with flowing white old. It was that of a tall, stallward-looking main, wrapped in a dark mantle, with flowing white beard and abundant white locks rolling down over his neck. His eyebrows were jet-black, and under them were deep-set, dusky eyes, now fixed, as if gazing on vacancy. There was a rapt expression in the face, and its pallor was more than natural. One hand cluthed the mantle; the right was extended, and lifted up

"It is Matlin, the seer!" ran in a hoarse whis per from man to man among the revelers.

"It is the seer, and the vision is upon him!

Our readers need hardly be informed that the old Scottish superstition of second-sight yet lingered among the clans in the mountains. The seer, gifted from his birth with the faculty of seeing events before they came to pass, especially those that concerned his own people, was still between the with reverence. His prophecies often listened to with reverence. His prophecies often determined the counsels of the chiefs, and he was regarded by the common people as a mysterious being to whom the secrets of nature were open, and whose eyes, enlightened supernaturally, could discern what was hidden from all others sight.

will be remembered that Hilda, when sh met the seer among the rocks, deemed that he had beed supernaturally informed of the occurrence, and that he had come purposely to give aid to the injured revenue-officer. Hence her surprise at learning that he knew nothing.

The great bell still boomed out its sullen plarm.

"Listen!" said the seer, taking a step forward. "It is the death-peal of more than one among you who have drained the cup of feast-

g." Matlin!" exclaimed Kenneth, in a tone of

mathin: exchanned Remeth, in a cone of grave displeasure.

But Matlin paid no heed.

"I ha'e seen your wild doings," again said the seer, "and now the doom is revealed—the vengeance that is coming! The foe is at hand! Your castle will be attacked this night!"

"Silence!" shouted the chief. "How dare

you come among us with your bodings of evil this instant! gone this instant!"

The seer turned to face him.

"Kenneth Maur!" he said, in slow and measured speech. "Is there not blood upon you hands!"

hands!"

hands?"
The chief burst into coarse laughter.
"An ye list to spin nursery tales," he cried,
"let it be in the woman's hearing! Away with
him to the kitchen, or the housekeeper's still-

No one stirred. Matlin heeded not the anger No one stirred. Matlin heeded not the anger his words had provoked.

"The man you fought with on the cliff," he continued, "lies in peril of death; and his blood that stains your footsteps will lure on the hounds in pursuit. Be wise, and turn them away before their fangs are in your throat!"

There was a confused murmur among the guests, and Herrick strode up to the seer, but did not attempt to interrupt him.

not attempt to interrupt him.
"Take the warning given," his solemn speech went on. "Leave the castle to the soldiers who are marching on it, and will soon be here. My hut by the larches is a shelter large enough,

and to-morow you may return hither in peace."

"Who dares counsel flight to Kenneth Maur?"
demanded the chief, threateningly. "By the
bones of my father, if he were other than the
seer, I would hew him in pieces here in our
hall?" And he clutched his heavy sword, halfdrawing it. "Before he provokes me beyond
bearing, away with him! He may prate of his
false visions beside the kitchen-logs. Begone
with him! Gregory, do ye not obey me?"
Gregory laid hold of the seer, but speedily released him. The dog, Snath, had followed his t by the larenes is a shown and of the day of the chief, threateningly. "By the

master, and had lain crouched at his feet while he was speaking. At the touch of violence laid upon him he sprung up fiercely, and rushed upon Gregory, who fell back with an execra-

tion.

Herrick stepped between them.

"The dog will not harm me," he said, as he laid his hand caressingly on the animal's head. Snath welcomed the caress by wagging his tail, and went back to crouch at his master's feet.

Then there was a noise outside as of many voices and footsteps. The door was again flung open, and two or three men came hurrying in with their tidings. The alarm had been given that the reinforcement of soldiery had received orders to march on the castle, demand its surrender for their occupancy till the search could be made next day, and arrest all who opposed them!

be made next day, and arrest all who opposed them!

The sound of the great bell had summoned all who would defend the chief from their dwellings in the neighborhood; but they could not outnumber the soldiers. The troop was on the march, and the storm that was rising would make them more fierce to obtain shelter. Was it to be peace or a struggle?

The seer, Matlin, had sunk upon a seat, burying his face in his hands. The vision had passed. It had left him, as usual, with trembling frame and collapsed strength. Herrick noticed his condition. He filled a cup with wine, and put it to his lips. Matlin drained it, and thanked him with a grateful look.

With loud execrations, Kenneth vowed he would give the assailants the reception they deserved. He ordered Matlin taken away.

"Put him in one of the east store-rooms," he cried; "and since he came to bring news of disaster, and counsel submission, let him share the danger he predicted. Out with him, Gregory, and leave him a prisoner. In the largest room! There is not a window for his escape, but he can hear all that passes within."

Gregory took the old man's arm, and led him to one of the side doors, followed by the dog.

"Nay, this violence shall not be!" cried young Herrick. "Matlin is a faithful friend. He came when the vision was on him, to warn you, father, and, by my sword, his counsel was wise and good! You shall not harm a hair of his head!"

"Who wants to harm him—foolish boy!"

head!"
"Who wants to harm him—foolish boy?"
shouted his father. "He shall but abide his own prophecy. If the castle falls, we fall with it! An ye dare meddle with my orders, I'll gi'e

it! An ye dare meddle with my orders, I'll gi'e ye work to do. Gregory, obey me!"

He strode to the side door, out of which Gregory led his prisoner, and whispered to him as he passed out. Then he resumed his directions to his followers.

"Place the cannon on the ramparts, and dispose the men at the windows to fling down the ladders if they raise any. Have the guns and crowbars out of the armory!"

His men hastened away in different directions

His men hastened away in different directions in seeming readiness to obey. But the utmost confusion prevailed. The bell was silent, but the storm was raging without, and the dash of sea-waves against the rocks below was like the roar of distant artillery.

Once more Herrick, ignorant of his father's reason for dreading arrest—and that he was willing to risk all their lives rather than be cap-tured, when death by the hangman might be his doom—interfered to prevent this mad resistance

doom—interfered to prevent this mattersistance to the civil authorities.

"I said ye should have other work than meddlin with us, craven boy!" cried his father, tauntingly. "And so you shall! Look there!" He pointed to the open side door.

There stood Alicia Maur, with white, scared face legiting at them

face, looking at them.

Beside her stood Hilda, the housekeeper, and on the other side Gregory, who had led the maiden into the hall.

den into the hall.

She wore her riding-habit of dark-green velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and a green hat with its drooping heron's feather. White leathern gloves covered her hands. Just as Bertram had received her from her captor's hands, her dress disordered and her ringlets pulled over her cheeks and neck, she stood there, a radiant vision of beauty—all terrified and bewildered as she was—beholding the strange scene.

It was a minute before Herrick could speak; and while he stood petrified with surprise.

and while he stood petrified with surprise, Hilda glided to the chief, and grasped his arm. "Where is Matlin?" she whispered, eagerly.

"Away, woman! I want not your help!"

"He had charge of the officer! the man who fell frae the cliff!" she gasped, convulsively pressing Kenneth's arm. "The man will die Is he not dead already?" demanded the

"He was saved by a miracle; but he is sorely hurt. Send Matlin to him; he hath a leech's skill. Oh, Sir Kenneth! if the man dies—woe

"This way!" said Kenneth, crossing the hall with her. His belief in the death of the officer, with her. His belief in the death of the onicer, and that he was in danger of arrest, had made him so reckless in resolving to defend the castle. The news brought by Hilda put a new face on

The brief dialogue and movement occupied but a moment, ere they went out, followed by several others.

Herrick approached the young girl, and ordered Gregory to leave them. The man sowled wrathfully, but he obeyed.

The scared look had not left Alicia's face.

The young man gently led her to a chair.
"I know nothing of this," he muttered.
"When you are recovered, lady, you will tell
me how you came here."
The fright out of this is a single property of the single property.

me how you came here."

The frightened girl looked wildly around her; then piteously at Herrick, clasping her hands.

"Oh, Herrick!" she sobbed. "You are our kinsman! You will save me! You will save

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

It was entirely empty!
"He was not brought here," said the chief, angrily. "He was brought here; I can swear to it,"

neth, in a rage at the disappearance of the praoner he came to liberate.

Not a trace of the seer could be found in any
of the rooms. The wonder was great, and several avowed their belief that Mat was a wizard.

"How else could he go forth?" suggested
Hilda, "wi' ne'er a window to put his head
through!"

The confusion in the castle and around it left no time for conjecture or questioning. The sol-diers were outside; and they had demanded ad-

mittance in the king's name.

Gregory, who was spokesman in the absence of Kenneth, responded by requiring to know what had brought them at that hour to invade the dwelling of a man who had given no cause for a show of violence against him.

The leading officer of the troops rode within reach of Gregory, who stood upon one of the

The leading officer of the troops rode within speech of Gregory, who stood upon one of the balconies. He said he and his men had been summoned and sent to the assistance of the revenue men, who had reported the capture of their commander. He had been missing since before dusk, and was supposed to be held a prisoner in the castle. He must be instantly released, or the attack would be made to force an entrance and deliver the captive.

Kenneth came forward at this juncture, and loudly declared that no prisoner was held with-

loudly declared that no prisoner was held with-in the castle; and that no enemy should be admitted to search.

in the castle; and that no enemy should be admitted to search.

There was a stunning clamor of voices at this; the soldiers shouting that they did not believe him, and calling their comrades to the rescue; the adherents of Kenneth giving orders, and running to and fro in wild disorder. The chief's orders to bolt and barricade the entrances were obeyed, and preparations were hurriedly made to resist the attack. In vain some of the men urged that the soldiers be permitted to make the search and then retire; it was answered that they claimed the right also to quarter themselves all night, and make a search for smuggled stores on the morrow, perhaps to arrest the whole household as suspected participants. There was no limit to the freedom claimed by a body of soldiers in possession; and a man's own house was his stronghold.

In the midst of the wild disorder Hilda made her way to Kenneth, and laid hold of his arm. He turned quickly; the woman's face was white as death and her line trempled; she had some

He turned quickly; the woman's face was white as death, and her lips trembled; she had some evil news to communicate. She gasped, almost breathless, in her master's ear:

"He is dying; he will be dead ere dawn; save Speak plainly, woman; or else stand aside!"

was the hasty response.
"The lad, Malcolm—he came from Mat, the

What of him? Has the devil carried him "What of him? Has the devil carried him off? Why canna ye speak out?"
"The man who fell frae the cliff; Mat took him home. He is hurt to the death! 'Twill sune be known, if 'tis not a'ready! Master, master, save yourself! Leave the castle! the storm is 'bating; I will pull the boat round, and fetch ye wi' the dawn; ye can hide in the cave! There is a vessel nigh the coast at anchor."

She poured forth her entreaties with frenzied

She poured forth her entreaties with frenzied carnestness; and Kenneth saw at once the danger in which he stood. His stubborn will, however forbade him to yield.
"I will not fly, nor hide, this night!" he cried, hoarsely. "I will hold the castle till dawn, and then baffle them! Where is Herrick?"

Hilda wrung her hands in terror and anguish.
Better than life she loved her master, and to find him so foolhardy tortured her.

"Herrick! I will find him! He may persuade ye, Sir Kenneth! Wae is me, he heeds not words of prine!"

words of mine!"

words of mine!"

Turning, she sped from the place in search of help, but staggered against the wall in horror at the next sound that met her ears.

With his own hands Kenneth lighted the fusee of the cannon on his ramparts. The roar shook the castle, and though no harm resulted among the besiegers, the formidable sound

among the besiegers, the formidable sound created a panic, showing that their purpose would not be accomplished without bloodshed and loss of life. The silence that ensued was speedily followed by greater activity and a wilder uproar than ever among both the hostile

parties.

Return we to the terrified Alicia. She heard the clamor, the shouting, and the dire confusion, wilder than the storm and the roar of the sea. It seemed as if the old castle were tumbling about her ears. She had sunk on her knees, and held her clasped hands toward Herright in scenized symptotics. He stood irrerick in agonized supplication. He stood irresolute and agitated by conflicting emotions. He knew his duty called him to share the labor and peril of his father and kinsmen, rash and mis-guided as he deemed them. Yet how could he leave the fair girl thus imploring his help? Had not his father, too, committed her to his

charge!
"You will save me, Herrick?" entreated the

What can I do?" stammered the youth. "Take me home! Oh, take me to my father! was mad to leave home! I was headstrong. Oh, Herrick, take me back, and I will bless your

Turning abruptly, the young man went to the door. He found it fastened on the outside. He beat violently upon it, and shouted the names of several retainers.

A voice answered him without:

"The castle is attacked by soldiers. Every man is wanted on the ramparts!"
"Undo the door! Which of you dared bolt me in? Call Hilda. Send Hilda hither!" he

'Oh, Herrick, take me away! I shall die if I

"Oh, Herrick, take me away! I shall die if I stay here!" shrieked the poor girl, more and more alarmed every instant.

Herrick took her hand and led her to the extreme end of the hall. There stood a massive cask full of liquor; from which at meals the men were accustomed to draw full flagons. With a giant's strength the young man hurled this cask, larger and heavier than a hogshead, on one side. It had stood directly over a trapdoor. Herrick stooped and pulling an iron ring lifted this, disclosing a narrow flight of stone steps. A rush of cold damp air came from the opening.

opening.

"Behold the secret passage," he said. "It leads by a winding way to a door that opens outside the walls. You can go that way; take this torch to guide your steps. You will find the outer door unbarred; it is always kept so. When you are outside nothing will hinder your flight."

flight."

He put the torch into Alicia's hand; he led her to the steps down which she was to go. Alicia looked up at him. He was struggling violently with emotion; his right hand was clenched; his

teeth were set as in terrible determination.
"And you—what will you do?" asked the girl.

"I? Oh, I will shut the trap-door, and replace the cask to conceal your flight. Then I will batter down yon door, and go out to help my kinsmen, and die in defense of the castle."

Alicia's feet were already on the grimy steps of the passage. She shivered violently.

I cannot go alone!" she said. "Come you

How can I leave the castle when foes are be-

"Your father put me in your care, and locked the door upon us. He does not want you. He would send, if he did. I dare not go alone! Come, Herrick—my cousin—come!"

"What can harm you, alone? The storm is the door-oen. "It is he—it is Philip," she murmured, a rose-flush stealling into her cheeks.

A few minutes later the room door of and Joan Withers entered—alone. Mrs. Facult is principle.

He flashed the light to and fro, till every portion of the room was brought into view.

It was entirely empty!

"He was not brought here," said the chief,

At the nearest farm-house you will find shelsaid one of the men; "to this very room."
"I saw him put in," added Hilda, "and the door fast locked outside."

ter, rest, and a guide and horse when you list to pursue the journey. Here is money; all the boors are easily bribed."

door fast locked outside."

"But, woman, you see for yourself he's not here," testily growled the chief.

"And he could not have gotten forth," added the dame, embarrassed what to think.

"Search the other rooms," thundered Kenneth, in a rage at the disappearance of the prisoner he came to liberate.

Not a trace of the seer could be found in any of the rooms. The wonder was great, and sevel the interval the interval of the that Mot was a wigard.

in his face.

in his face.

"Do you care for me, Alicia?" he asked, earnestly.

"Surely I do," she answered. "You are my only friend, Herrick!"

"What will you do for me, Alicia, if for your sake I desert my father in his hour of need?"

your sake I desert my father in his hour of need?"

"Take me to my father, and he will send you help. He will serve you in all things."

"What will you do for me?"

"I will bless you. Oh, Herrick! I will call you my deliverer!"

"Will you love me, Alicia?"

"I do love you, cousin."

"But not as 1 love you! You have long known—you must have known—how madly I worship you! I would give the world, my life—my honor even—to call you mine! Do not start; my father sent to capture you for the purpose of making you my wife—ay, this night! But I would have no constraint; you shall be free to choose. I might compel you to wed me, but I love you too well for that, Alicia!"

"Oh, Herrick! you have a noble soul!"

"Hear me now," cried the young man, impetuously. "I am ready to go with you, to forsake all; to brand myself as a traitor; to take you to your father's house! But you must promise to be my wife! Will you promise that, Alicia?"

"Herrick, you have too grand a soul to profit.

"Herrick, you have too grand a soul to profit by my sore strait! Be generous—I implore

"Then you love me not! You scorn my suit, proud girl!"

"I do not scorn—I honor you. I am lost unless you save me! I appeal to your mercy."

"Shall I save you for another suitor?"

His eyes glared; his lips were drawn; his face was white as death."

"You must answer me before I stir, girl," he gasped, releasing his arm from her feeble hold.
"You want me to save you—that you may wed another!"

another!"

"Oh, no, no, no! Herrick!"

"Will you swear to marry me?"

"Oh, I cannot!"

"Will you swear to marry no one else?"

"Mercy, mercy, Herrick!"

"By my ancestors, you shall swear, or I leave you to perish! Hark to those wild shouts!

Our men have triumphed! They will be in here presently! What will become of you?"

"Save me! Save me!"

Save me! Save me! "Will you swear to marry no man unless I

"Will you swear to marry no man driess? give you leave?"
"I will! 'I will!"
"Swear then! by this sword! No, by your hopes of heaven!"
"I swear" repeated the affrighted girl, falling on her knees.
"I have your oath!" cried Herrick, exultingly. "You shall wed me, or no man! Now come."

He threw one arm around her waist. The cries without were redoubled; but unheeding them, he lifted her down the steps, closed the

rap-door after them and bolted it on the lov carrying the torch in one hand, and clasping the almost-fainting maiden firmly with the other, he gained the passage, and sped on swiftly, till the door beyond was reached. This he

g open with some exertion of strength, and y stood in the open air, outside. terrible scene burst on Herrick's sight,

amid the clamor and shouting. Flames were rushing from the upper windows of the castle.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 417.)

ONE CONSTANT FRIEND.

BY WOOD B. SCRIBBLER.

In fancied friends and dreaded foes
I've disappointments found,
So true were these, so false were those,
That trust with doubts abound.
But there's one little elf
Ever true to himself,
And he's truth itself to me;
Do I seek—much elate,
To better my state,
His elfish form I see.

Ambition's fire may brightly burn,
Hope picture visions fair;
Or, lowly soaring, fancy seek
For friendship true and rare.
But the same little sprite,
With spirits so light,
Whisks off the pleasure refined;
At a whisper from him,
For the friend I would win,
A cool acquaintance I find.

This meddler in all my affairs
I name ill-luck, and begin
Anew the race with fierce despair,
Yet he is certain to win.
Disgusted at last,
With results of the past,
I turn from his with ring wand
And seek words of due weight,
His misdeeds to relate—
Lo! here, he's guiding my hand.

Wife or Widow?

ETHELIND ERLE'S ENEMY

BY RETT WINWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A GIRL'S HEART," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

> CHAPTER XXXIII. MRS. FAUNCE.

Her face was pale, but very beautiful; her lip Had a more delicate outline, and the tint Was deeper. But her countenance was like the Majesty of angels."

Was deeper. But her countenaace was like the Majesty of angels."

For a season that strange, erratic woman, the mistress of Lorn, tasted of happiness in feverish draughts that were like nectar to her palate at one moment, and bitter as gall the next. Colonel Falkner was at her feet again, the blind, infatuated lover. He had once more fallen completely under the spell of her grace and beauty. The sinful and miserable past, which had been so darkly hinted at in the first interviews they held together, was never referred to now. He preferred to believe blindly and implicitly in her truth, perhaps; for he made no effort to sweep aside the curtain that hid so much that was dark and mysterious.

But Mrs. Faunce could not forget. The sword of Damocles hung suspended above her head, and whether she waked or slept, whether she rejoiced or sorrowed, she never for one moment lost sight of the fact that it was there, as real as reality, though she saw it not. And the consciousness murdered her peace, embittered her happiest moments, as was most natural, under the circumstances.

circumstances. One day, when she sat musing in her own room, her graceful hands lying in her lap, her eyes bent upon the carpet, she was suddenly roused from her reverie by the loud ringing of

"It is he—it is Philip," she murmured, a soft rose-flush stealing into her cheeks.

A few minutes later the room door opened and Joan Withers entered—alone. Mrs. Faunce

where is he, Soan I had no only sold a dessage? Give it to me instantly."
The old woman looked white and scared. Hush, my lady," she said, in a muffled voice. It was not Colonel Falkner, but—the other

What other?"

"What other?"

"Raymond Challoner."

An exclamation of anger and terror broke from the lips of Mrs. Faunce, and she started impulsively to her full hight, and stood there with both hands firmly clinched.

"My God!" she gasped, her tone just audible. "Am I never to know rest or peace?"

"Of course I refused to admit him," said Joan. "But he bade me say to you that even a dozen rebuffs would not discourage him—that he should come again."

curiosity that brings him here?"
"The latter, I fully believe," Joan answered, pitying her mistress's evident terror so much that she half unconsciously belied her real con-

that she half unconsciously belied her real convictions.

"I wish I knew—I wish I knew," moaned Mrs. Faunce, falling back into her chair again, with a dreadful shiver.

The next day, at about the same hour, the bell again sent its imperative summons echoing through the house. But a longer interval elapsed before Joan appeared at the door of the apartment in which Mrs. Faunce sat, pallid with suspense and fear.

apartment in which Mrs. Faunce sat, pallid with suspense and fear.

"It was he—Mr. Challener! I know, I feel it!" exclaimed the wretched woman, without waiting for her servant to speak.

"Yes, my lady."

"He intends driving me to madness and description.

peration. But I will never see him—never!"
Joan hastily advanced.
"He scribbled a few lines on this card, madam, and told me to deliver it immediately.
Of course I could not refuse to take it."
The message was written in pencil, and ran thus

"I have been dismissed from your door for the last time. When I come again to-morrow at this hour, you must admit me. I know you! I am not a man to be trifled with."

An hour later, when Colonel Falkner him made his appearance at Lorn, he found Mrs. Faunce nervous and hysterical. She screamed at sight of him, and throwing herself helpless on his breast, clung to him in what seemed an

at sight of him, and throwing hersel helples on his breast, clung to him in what seemed an agony of terror.

"What has happened?" he asked, in alarm.
"Are you ill?"

"Take me away," she shivered. "You have said that you love me. Prove it by helping me to fly from this hated spot."

"Be patient, Olympia," he said, trying to soothe her. "One of these days, as soon as everything is arranged, we will go."

"It must be now or—never!"

"It would necessitate a great pecuniary sacrifice were we to leave at once."

"What do I care for that?" she broke out, flercely, with her hands clinched. "You shall not forsake me. And it would be wicked and sinful for you to weigh dollars and cents in the balance with my peace of mind."

He looked down at her with a strange glance in which there seemed to be a blending of love and shrinking distrust.

in which there seemed to be a blending of love and shrinking distrust.

"It is not the loss in money matters that troubles me, and I might as well confess the truth," he said, a little coldly. "You know that my ward Ethelind is missing. I cannot bear to go away until I have heard some tidings of her."

of her."

Mrs. Faunce slipped quickly out of his arms and sat down. Her hands were now helplessly relaxed and trembled in her lap.

"You love that girl," she said, in a deep, shaken voice. "She has usurped my place in your heart. I have feared it sometimes—I know it now."

"Hush! you are talking wildly," he said, but his eyes fell beneath the searching gaze she sent quivering into them.

"If you do not love her, why are you so ready to sacrifice my happiness the moment she comes between us?"

"You misunderstand me, Olympia."

"Nay, I fear that I understand you only too well!"

well!"
"Ethelind was intrusted to my care by her dying father. She has gone away friendless and alone. She may be penniless for aught I know—she certainly is suffering. Is it not natural that I should wish to be assured of her well knight before leaving this party of the

well-being before leaving this part of the coun-His tone was still cold and reproachful. Irs. Faunce felt her powerlessness to hold out

against his shoulder and burst into a wild storm of sobs. of sobs.

"Forgive me, Philip. I did not wish to betray anything akin to jealousy. But I am miserable—too wretched to live. I feel myself sinking into a horrible abyss where I shall be beyond the reach of hope or mercy or pardon; and nobody, not even you, is willing to stretch forth a saving hand"

saving hand."

"What do you mean, Olympia?" he said, bending toward her with a touch of returning tenderness. "Why do you talk so strangely? Are you threatened by any new or immediate

She dared not tell him. "No one here has penetrated your secret," he went on, in his ignorance. "You might remain at Lorn half a lifetime and not a whisper

arise to betray the story of the past. Remember how secluded is this place—how few in all the country have ever even heard of you." "The danger may be more imminent than you are aware," she shivered. "It is impossible to tell. And the world would not judge me with your leniency. It has no faith

It would sooner adjudge me guilty than 'No one would dare breathe a word against

you in my presence."
"Oh, Philip, Philip! Promise me that you will never forsake me."
"I do promise—but it is unnecessary. Our lives are too closely woven together ever to be

livided again. She was silent a moment or two, as if strug ly with the emotions that had so nearly overcome her. At length she said, in a thrill

overcome her. At length she said, in a thrilling whisper:

"I am like one beset. A nameless horror is hovering over me. I feel as if evil spirits had hold of my soul, and were trying to wrench it from my body. Philip, unless you save me I am lost—lost to all eternity. Oh, be merciful! Let us fly this very night!"

"So soon?" he said, startled by her wildness and vehemence. "Impossible. Try to be calm, Olympia. There is nothing to fear."

But she went on prejug more wehemently than

But she went on urging more vehemently than ver that such a course was her only salvation. They would seek some far-off sunny clime, she aid, some lovely, romantic isle in a southern ea, where they could live and die together re note from man and the irksome trammels of a Colonel Falkner listened in a vague wonder to

er beseeching words. But instead of drawing his heart closer to her they seemed to widen the distance between them. The glowing pictures she painted possessed little charm for him in the me painted possessed into come over him. He experienced a sickening sensation of misery and disappointment, as if all the brightest hopes of his life had crumbled to ashes in his grasp, like Dead Sea fruit. Were the scales falling from his eyes? Or was this reaction only the natural efect of his better nature trying to reassert it-

Mrs. Faunce, with a woman's subtle intuitions, divined at once the change in his mood. She became silent all at once, a spasm of agony went over her face, and she sunk back in her

went over her face, and she sunk back in her chair trembling and pallid, as if she had resigned herself to a fate she was powerless to avert.

"You are not yourself to-day," said Colonel Falkner, looking at her curiously. "Something has happened to distress you, and you are keeping it from me."

"No, I am not myself," she said, wearily, utterly ignoring the words with which he had con-

come again," he said.

She bowed her head passively, making no other reply. But when he had gone out and shut the door, she sunk down on her knees, clasped both hands over her eyes, and burst out in subdued but hysterical crying.

CHAPTER XXXIV. THE DECREE OF FATE.

"The brait
"The strait
I'm fallen into my patience cannot bear!
It frights my reason, warps my sense of virtue,
Religion!—changes me into a thing
I look at with abhorring!"
—The Hunchback. The next day, at the hour he had himself appointed, Raymond Challoner slowly approached Lorn, threading one of those grass-grown paths that led, with many a detour, through

the neglected grounds.

He was very pale, but his face wore a grim, resolute expression, and it was with a firm step that he ascended the terrace and made his way to the gloomy, forbidding-looking portal. He looked like a man with a fixed, inflexible purpose is his wind.

n his mind. in his mind.

His foot had scarcely touched the topmost step when the door opened, noiselessly, and Joan appeared, her usually imperturbable face strangely agitated. She spoke no word of greeting, but in utter silence beckoned him to

"And so I am to be given the open sesame to this enchanted palace at last?" he said, with a mocking curl of the lip, as he crossed the thresh-old. "It is well."

"You would never enter with my consent," said Joan, fiercely. "But of course my mistress acts her own pleasure. I am powerless to keep

Again Raymond smiled derisively.

"One would imagine you had played the part of ogre quite long enough. Beauty and the Beast and Una and the Lion are worn out tales. They grow tiresome in process of time. No matter—I have gained my point. Pray conduct me at once to the presence of Mrs.

The sneering emphasis with which he spoke that name sent a shudder through the woman's

She suddenly grasped his arm.

"I can see that you are in no conciliatory mood," she said, dropping her voice to a whisper. "Be warned in time. My mistress is desperate already—do not drive her to mad-I make this plea for your sake as well as

hers."
"Against what do you warn me?"
"Alas, I know not," replied Joan, in deep agitation, dropping her hand and shrinking from him. "My heart misgives me—that's all. The shameful past has been rising before my mind with strange vividness all the morning."

He made an impatient gesture.
"How is your mistress?" he asked, after a short

pause.

"Calm—unnaturally calm. I would rather see her in any other mood. Oh, it was not well to admit you to this interview. I begged and pleaded with her, but she would not listen. No good will come of it—no good."

A low moan broke from her lips, but she seemed to recover herself after a moment, and pointing out to him a door lower down the pasage, turned abruptly away, leaving him to go

pointing out to him a door lower down the passage, turned abruptly away, leaving him to go sage, turned abruptly away, leaving him to go on by himself.

Raymond found Mrs. Faunce seated near an open window in a partially darkened room. She was dressed in black, some soft, filmy goods that emphasized the livid pallor of her face, and oulder and burst into a wild storm the Philip. Idid not wish to betray.

Yes, married, old fellow, and you will not wonder at it after you have seen my Marion. I wish I could congratulate you upon as much happiness."

'I came as near giving you the opportunity once as lay in my power," said Mont Tresdale's friend with a laugh. "Want to hear the story! I assure you it was no laughing matter at the powerless are the story! I assure you it was no laughing matter at the tolook back upon it.

She sat get the representating on the passage, turned abruptly away, leaving him to go der at it after you have seen my Marion. I wish I could congratulate you upon as much happiness."

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She sat with her cheek resting on her hand, but at the sound of the unclosing door she raised her head with a proud air that had something of dehead with a proud air that had something of the dehead with a proud air that had something of the dehead wit

over," sne said. It is too late even to speak of them. In one word, now that you have found me out, what do you intend to do?"
"My duty."
"Duty! That word does not sound very gra-

"My duty."
"Duty! That word does not sound very graious, falling from your lips."
"Perhaps not; but I repeat it, all the same."
Her eyes fell, and for the first time she betrayed that, in spite of her forced composure,
she was inwardly quivering with suspense and

dread.

"What do you consider your duty?—if I may be so impertinent as to inquire."

"First of all to inform Colonel Falkner as to the true character of the siren to whose alluring wiles he has fallen the latest victim."

"It is unnecessary. Already Colonel Falkner has been made acquainted with the story of my past life."

"Where is he, Joan? Did he only send a cluded. "I believe I realize how a poor, doom-essage? Give it to me instantly."

I knew for a certainty that there had been some ed prisoner must feel the hour before the exe-

cluded. "I believe I realize how a poor, doomed prisoner must feel the hour before the executioner comes."

She smiled very faintly, adding, before he could recover himself to reply:

"Perhaps we had better say adieu for the present. You can come again to-morrow—if you wish."

"I shall come very early, then; as early as you will admit me!" he exclaimed, struck by the misery expressed in every tone of her sobing voice.

"No," she said firmly, "your visit to-morrow must be paid at a later hour than ever before. Do not come until the sun is down. I shall be busy until then."

She offered no further explanation of the request, but rose quickly and held out her hand. Colonel Falkner took it, held it rather longer than usual, and as if yielding to an irresistible impulse, bent down suddenly and touched his lips to the soft, cool palm.

"I hope to find you more cheerful when I come again," he said.

She bowed her head passively, making no other reply:

"You have an odd way of putting things, olympia. I pity you from the depths of my soil. But of course I cannot see a gentleman of Colonel Falkner's birth and position sacrifice himself to an adventuress without trying to turn him from his folly."

The bitting accretanting that there had been some trick about your reported death and burial."

Mrs. Faunce rose to her feet with a spasmodic effort, and moved several times up and down the length of the room. At length she paused before him, with her head cast down, as the guilty stand before their accusers.

"I do not deny your power and my helpless-ness," she said, "for you can, with a word, deprive me of the love of the only man I care to teep faithful to me. But I do ask you to spare me. It will cost you nothing to let me go my way in peace. My broken life is beautified with buds of promise that must soon burst into full flower unless crushed by your ruthless hand. Which will you choose to play—the part of my redeemer or that of my destroyer?"

You have an odd way of putting things, olympia. I pity you from the depths of

The biting accent in which he spoke told the woman that, little as he valued her love at the present time, he could not forgive her for having transferred it so readily to another. An unconfessed desire for revenge, quite as much as a sense of duty, was guiding him to the decision he had made. "Can I say nothing to influence you differ-

ently?"
"Nothing." "Is there not a single thought of mercy blended with the feeling of pity you profess to feel

for me?"
"You must demand that at the hands of the man you love," said Raymond, slightly frowning. "I can but proclaim the truth."

Roysiya my persistency." ing. "I can but proclaim the truth."
"True. Forgive my persistency."
The ghost of a smile flickered over her bloodless lips; whether called there by the absurdity of the hope that he might be induced to spare her, or by some other thought, it is impossible

to say.
"I understand my fate, and accept it," she added, presently, in a changed voice. "Let us say no more. Stay! before we part you shall

say no more. Stay! before we part you shall pledge me in a glass of wine. I poured it expressly for this occasion. Will you?"

There was an insane glitter in her eyes that frightened him. Half-involuntarily, he stretched out his hand and lifted one of the glasses from the salver. She grasped the other, raised it to her lips, and drank off its contents. With his eyes fixed steadily on her face, he followed her example, draining to its dregs the ruby liquid.

her example, draining to its dregs the ruby liquid.

"It is the decree of fate," said the strange woman, in a hollow voice, as if speaking to herself. "Why should I repine or struggle?"

He saw her face turn deadly pale. Suddenly the frail glass slipped through her fingers and shivered in fragments at her feet.

"It is like my life," she muttered, looking down. "Broken—shattered—destroyed!"

Raymond replaced his own glass on the salver, and, moved by a compassionate impulse, advanced to lead her to a seat. Waving him away with a shiver of disgust, she fell back suddenly, uttering a low cry, and put her handkerchief to her mouth. In an instant it was covered with blood, and the sluggish crimson was dripping on her black dress.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Your lungs are bleeding."

She shrunk from his proffered assistance even in this hour of extremity.

in this hour of extremity.
"Go," she hoarsely whispered. "You can do

nothing. Leave the house!"
He dared not excite her further by remaining
Hurrying into the hall, where Joan still waited
he sent the faithful servant to the assistance of

her mistress, and departed.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 408.)

Infatuated.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"MARRIED, Mont? Then I need not expect "MARRIED, Monto Then I need not expect you to go West with me."
"Mrs. Tresdale would object, I'm afraid.
Yes, married, old fellow, and you will not won-der at it after you have seen my Marion. I wish I could congratulate you upon as much

to look back upon it.
"It began when I was in New York looking fiance in it.

"You have come," she said, in a low monotonous voice. "I knew I could not evade you I came out of the miserable tenement where I "You have come," she said, in a low monotonous voice. "I knew I could not evade you forever."

Raymond wondered at her calmness. She sat there like a marble woman, her glorious dark eyes meeting his unflinchingly. One fair rounded arm was now thrown carelessly across a small table at her elbow, on which stood a silver salver and a slender Venetian glass filled with some dark red liquid. She looked every inch a queen—a fallen one, perhaps—but wearing all her honors regally to the last.

"Olympia," he gasped, "is it really you, or a delusion of my own excited brain?"

"You knew, before coming here, whom you were to meet. Why, then, do you question me?" she said, wearily.

"It seems so strange, so impossible. I can almost believe that necromancy has been at work. I doubt my own convictions. I almost doubt the evidence of my senses."

Mrs. Faunce waved him to a seat.

"The long concealment and mystery are all over," she said. "It is too late even to speak of them. In one word, now that you have found me out, what do you intend to do?"

"She was so frightened, so thankful: it was falte dusk of a dismal February evening as I came out of the miserable tenement where I had cornered him at last, and met a slip of a girl at the street corner. There's no use of my attempting to describe her; words are too tame. I turned round to get a second look, and just at the moment a rough crowd poured out of a saloon near, blockading the pavement, blas-pheming, and promising a regular street brawl, until a policeman came upon the scene and scattered them. Before this happened the girl had recoiled and clutched at my arm with the softest little snowflake of a hand you ever saw. One glance of her frightened eyes went straight to my heart.

""Oh, I beg pardon, but will you please go with me to the next square?"

"Think what confiding innocence must have prompted that appeal! It was flattering to fancy that my ingenuous countenance should have inspired her with such trust; I dare say it was the callow simplicity written there, aided by

"She was so frightened, so thankful; it was like running a gantlet; but, now that the danger was over, she would not trouble the gentleman further. Need I say that the gentleman insisted upon being troubled? Let me sum up the discoveries which were not all made upon that one evening, by any means. She was Mareen Moynarty, assistant in a down-town store, with the hope of becoming sales-lady at no far distant day. She would make more money then and be able to help poor papa. He was under a cloud; had been book-keeper to a prosperous firm which had suffered from defalcation that had been charged to him. "You wouldn't take me for such a noodle, Mont, but it did not need the assurance, made with tears swimming in the lovely eyes, that She was so frightened, so thankful; it was

"It is unnecessary. Already Colonel Falkner has been made acquainted with the story of my past life."

"With your version of it, perhaps," came the sneering rejoinder." "It now remains for him to hear mine."

Mrs. Faunce looked as if she were shivering; the muscles about her mouth twitched convulsively.

"Once you pretended to love me," she said, in a muffled voice; "and now you are laying your plans to ruin me."

"My love was as short-lived as your own," Raymond answered. "It died in the birthpangs of a great horror. A still fiercer passion seems to have sprung, Phenix-like, from the ashes of yours. We can neither of us reproach the other."

Her proud head drooped a little, and she said abruptly:

"How long is it since you guessed my secret?"

"Strange suspicions have been working in my mind for some time. But the false name you bear, the fate I believed to have overtaken you, your singular whim of muffling your face, all helped to keep me in doubt."

"Yes—yes."

"Two days ago I founds volume of poems on Colonel Falkner's desk. Your name, 'Olympia,' was written on the fly-leaf. The volume was one I gave you, long ago. I knew Colonel Falkner's desk. Your name, 'Olympia,' was written on the fly-leaf. The volume was one I gave you, long ago. I knew Colonel Falkner had brought it from here. Of course conviction struck home to my mind in a moment.

to papa. Mareen took alarm when I suggested it. He did not approve of strangers; she might be wrong; she had never even told him of these street interviews, but at last she was persuaded reluctantly to give me his number, after extorting a promise that I would not reveal myself to him, and I had the felicity of riding down town next day with the man whom I had already consecrated in my thoughts as my future father-in-law.

If that conductor could but have known the

"If that conductor could but have known the conflicting emotions aroused in my my mind by his frayed linen and shabby elbows! If he could have known the heroic resolution it required not to slip a V into his hand and refuse the change! I wished I had done it afterward. It might have brought about an explanation which would have enlightened me.

"After six weeks or so of this blissful experience, a chill of reserve stole over Mareen. Never mind the misery I endured. It came out at last that there was another suitor in the field, a man whom her father favored, who had already been a generous friend to them, who would cancel that fatel indebtedness at the price of her hand. All men are fools once in their lives, and I was too much infatuated to have a doubt of this fishy story. Imagine, if you can, the arguments I employed in having the promise of that pleasure and recompense transferred to me. I had a thousand or so lying about loose as it happened, and found no difficulty in presenting myself at the Moynarty apartments on the next Sunday morning with seven hundred in my pocket. It was on the programme that Mareen should present the money to her father, smoothing down the stubborn pride which might stand in the way of its acceptance, while I should take advantage of the first flush of his gratitude to plead my cause.

"The dear child was all in a flutter. She took

advantage of the first flush of his gratitude to plead my cause.

"The dear child was all in a flutter. She took the roll of bills I put in her hand and faced about as the door opened and a man scarcely older than I was entered.

""Here it is, Gustave. I hope you are satisfied. Now tell Mr. Garth why I cannot accept the honor he would confer upon me."

"Because she is my wife and has been these two years, said he, putting his arm about her, while she had the grace to hide that 'fair, false face' of hers upon his shoulder. Maybe you'll believe me, Mont, when I tell you I never once thought of the seven hundred dollars I had thrown away. It was the hardest experience of my life to know that the witchery that girl had thrown around me was all a deceit and a snare.

snare.
"'Mareen,' I appealed to her; 'what reason or excuse have you for this? Must I go without any regard at all for the woman I believed you to be?"

"She lifted her face with the very tearful, pleading look I had seen upon it a score of

"She lifted her face with the very tearful, pleading look I had seen upon it a score of times.

"'He made me do it. Pity me, think what my life must be, what my temptation was.'

"She wrung her two little white hands together with a hopeless gesture, and upon my word, Mont, I can't think hardly of her to this day, though I made friends with the shabby conductor immediately after, and found, of course, that he had never heard of my siren. It won't seem like sacrilege will it, after that, to ask how your love affair came about?"

"My Marion was companion to Mrs. West—you remember her?—almost like an adopted daughter in the house. Come and see us, Garth, and have the flavor of le diable which clings to your siren taken away by as near an approach to the angelic as this earth affords us."

More than an ordinary friendship had existed between these two young men; therefore it was with more than ordinary curiosity and interest that Garth looked forward to meeting his friend's wife. The keen expectancy in his eyes changed to accusation and horror as the slight, lithe form arose before him, while the fair face blanched, and the smile and words of welcome froze on the paling lips.

"This your wife! Then Heaven pity you, my friend. This woman is Mareen Moynarty!" Amaze struggling with indignation gave way in Tresdale's mind to a conviction of the truth. There are men whom pain or wrong render fierce and dangerous. Tresdale was one of these.

"No lies," as he caught her wrist. "Were

No lies," as he caught her wrist. "Were

you that degraded thing?"
"I was." The bare, unqualified admission, nothing more. Looking from one stern face to the other with hunted and desperate eyes, she felt how useless it would be to plead any extenuation of that past, and turned away with a mute gesture of despair.

One year of restless wandering, months pass-One year of restless wandering, months passed amid the wildest scenes of the wide, wide West, where the colossal features of sublime Nature overtop and overwhelm the pigmy man, the scene of erratic travel extending all the way from the grand, gloomy pine forests of the North to the rolling Texan slopes—a year from the time Tresdale and Garth had departed in company, the former returned alone.

Garth was settled in a rising Western town, devoting himself to his profession, with the certainty of growing into greatness, but his bosom friend had come home to die.

There was no doubt of that in the mind of

There was no doubt of that in the mind of any one who looked into his ghastly, thin visage or noted how the strong nerves of the man had deserted him. Few had the opportunity of doing so. He shut himself up in his own house, shunned society, and wasted perceptibly day by

when his old housekeeper came to announce that she was about to leave him for a home with her son, adding that she had found a person to fill her place provided he approved her choice, he only turned from her irritably:

"See for yourself that she is tidy and quiet, and tell her to let me alone."

Not a word of regret at parting from the faithful woman who had been like a mother to him, yet Tresdale had once been tender-hearted.

One after another the most eminent physicians of the day waited upon him. He never sent for them; he answered their questions listlessly, threw their prescriptions into the fire, and summored the new director of his household affairs.

moned the new director of his household alfairs.

"Mrs. Gray, don't let another doctor inside the door. Who is it sends them to worry me to death faster than I am going, I wonder? A glass of water before you go if you please."

She brought it silently and watched him drop a portion from a vial of colorless liquid which he always carried in his breast-bocket. Suddenly a shapely hand, brown and small, drew the glass out of his reach.

"I am afraid you take that more than is good."

'I am afraid you take that more than is good for you. Let me try to quiet you by reading

He had never noticed his housekeeper particularly before. Now, too weak to resist, he lay back and gazed at her. An elderly woman with smooth white hair lying under a square of lace, with a dark face, and eyes that drooped habitually under sweeping black lashes. Nothing like Marion there, and yet it seemed Marion's very voice which, meant to lull him into repose, startled him instead to intense excitement. Next moment things surged before his sight, his face charged to a marphish-red hore; the

Next moment things surged before his sight, his face changed to a purplish-red hue; the veins in his neck stood out dark and turgid. It was not his first attack of what one of his physicians had called apoplexy of the nerves.

Despite his command, another doctor found his way to his bedside—a bluff, hearty old man—who had held a long consultation with Mrs. Gray before he was admitted to the patient.

"Well, my lad, what is the matter with you? Heart-disease? Nonsense; you've no more heart-disease than I have. I'll tell you what it is, fast enough. Did you ever hear of Chloralism?"

"No, never," but Tresdale awoke to an interest he had not manifested heretofore.

"No, never," but Tresdale awoke to an interest he had not manifested heretofore.

"Now, listen. Is not this your daily routine? You are nervous and depressed, and what do you do?—take chloral. You have a burning in your head, brain confused, galloping pulse, and you take chloral. Or you are chilled, pulse down to a mere thread, heart scarcely in motion, and you take chloral. I'm not gifted with

second-sight, but that excellent creature, your housekeeper, has divined the cause of this mysterious illness of yours, and in every symptom I recognize the result of chloral. You are adding by every dose to the fire which is already consuming you. Let the stuff alone, and you will be a well man in six months' time."

Tresdale protested. "It is my friend, doctor. It has given me the only rest I have known for a year."

year."
"Tell me about it."

"Tell me about it."

"I had met with a loss. I was miserable and sleepless, but chloral wafted me into dreamless oblivion; it even dulled my anguish of mind—"

"By sapping your natural affections, leaving you incapable of any emotions save selfishness, irritability and despair. Chloral is your tyrant and you are its slave—you will very soon be its victim, mark my words, unless you fling your bottle after the prescriptions which you sent to the fittest place they could go, considering your case."

the fittest place they could go, considering your case."

Do any of you know what a herculean task breaking such a habit implies?

Months afterward Tresdale looked back upon that darkened page of his life's history, and shuddering, wondered at the straits to which he had been reduced. Like clouded dreams came the recollection of delirious agony and suffering beyond the power of words to tell before nature triumphed over the injurious effects of the insidious drug he had so ignorantly taken; but, through them all, the knowledge of tender care, of cool hands and pitiful eyes, of a will which strengthened his when he might have given up the battle—which willed him back to life.

Then, one day, when all danger was past,

Then, one day, when all danger was past, Mrs. Gray appeared before him strangely transformed. The dark complexion was washed away, the gray front and lace head-gear had been removed, and behold! it was Marion's matchless face and golden braids that were bowed before him.

bewed before him.

Kneeling, she spoke:

"Hear me, then judge me if you will. What your friend told you was truth, but it was not all the truth. Gustave was my brother. His false claim was made to relieve me from the importunities of a lover whose generosity had been shamefully abused. What a wretch I must seem to you, and yet I loathed the life I was forced to lead. My father and brother had brought me up to play my part in the plots they formed. me up to play my part in the plots they formed, and so well tutored was I in the habit of obedience—woe to me had I disobeyed—that the question of right or wrong was scarcely considered.

"Garth's love tempted me as a means of experience them but I mut the temptetion from

"Garth's love tempted me as a means of escape from them, but I put the temptation from me. I did not love him and I would not do him such a wrong, and I was thankful afterward when other release came. My father died in a cell, and my brother was sentenced to the State's Prison. For the first time I was free to follow my better aspirations, and then, Mont, I began my life anew. I took another name, found honest employment, warm friends, and later—you. Oh, forgive me that I dared to believe I was done with the past and linked my life with yours."

Was he weak and unmanly that he forgave her? Remember, he had the picture in his mind

her? Remember, he had the picture in his mind of how she, believing him dying, had fought grim Death himself and snatched away his victim. Was he infatuated when he took her back with a firm faith in her true repentance of those sins for which she was the least responsible? Then it was an infatuation so fraught with good works, so crowned by noble results, so accompanied by heart-peace, that we may well envy it and him.

THOUGHTS.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Ever backward to the past,
Thoughts are flying thick and fast,
Thoughts tha fill the eyes with tears,
And the thoughts of pleasant years!
Ever to the future vailed
Golden ships of thought have sailed;
(out of sport to distant realms,
Loving fingers at the helms.
Dear te us the thoughts that fly
Ever upward to the sky—
Noble thoughts that never die!

Silver Star, THE BOY KNIGHT:

The Mystery of Osman, the Outlaw.

A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXIII. KIT TAKES THE COMPASS.

OUR friends took dinner in the grove, nting they set off upon the trail of the sur-

rejoiced at leaving his wife behind; but, hardly had he spoken his mock farewell, ere Sabina led a sorry-looking old mule from a thicket hard by, and mounting it came on and joined the party, a smile of triumph beaming upon her

"Please gracious, Kit Columbus Bandy, you've dodged me for the last time," the old woman exclaimed, pounding her mule with her

"Oh, horn of Joshual" groaned Kit, looking the sadness he could not express.

A compromise was effected between the husband and wife, for the time being, and all rode

along harmoniously.

The trail of the surveyors was plain, the The trail of the surveyors was plain, the wheels of their wagon making a deep impression in the soil. They forded the White Earth and passing from among the wooded hills and bluffs entered the open prairie. Here the trail was more difficult to follow. The autumnal fires had not visited this part of the country, and a coat of thick dry grass covered the plain.

The keen eye of Silver Star, accustomed to the trail, was called into play, and so the party moved on, and about the middle of the aftermoon the surveyors were discovered, heading

on the surveyors were discovered, heading orthward, about a mile away. Silver Star and Old Kit deployed themselves

Silver Star and Old Kit deployed themselves to the right to observe the movements of the party. They rode around—keeping in the low grounds—until they had gained a point where they could command a fair view of the whole corps of surveyors. The wagon was being drawn by four good mules, and followed by an escort of some ten mounted men. In advance was a man carrying a long pole with a red flag, and several shorter ones with white flags. Far behind were two men, and between these and the wagon were two more—all mounted but the the wagon were two more—all mounted but the

'Oh-ho!" exclaimed Kit, after he had taken a look at the party through Silver Star's glass, "do you see the movements, my boy? Do you see Uncle Sam's devoted servants?"

"Yes. I can see them with the naked eye; but they are surveyors, Kit. We are on the

wrong trail."

"Well, what makes you think so, Silver Star?"

"That's easy enough determined. That man in front is the flag-man; those two behind the wagon are the chain-bearers—you can see them at work—and those two away behind are the en-gineer or surveyor and his assistant. With the glass you can see his compass and staff easy en-

ough."
That's all so, boy, and you can see their guns and pistols, too. I tell you that's a clever trick to fool the unsophisticated; but it won't pan with me worth a cent. I've seen men go into with me worth a cent. I've seen men go into

blind, and I'll bet ten to one that the gals are in that wagon."

"Then you must have positive proof of the fact," said the Boy Knight.

"I have, Silver; the girls are in that wagon!"

"Then, by gracious, Kit, I—"

"Now hold on, Silver Star—set down and keep cool—don't leta brace of pretty gals make a plumb fool of you. I don't blame you for lovin' them, for if I could shake Sabina and smooth out these wrinkles and crow's-tracks on my ole face.

them, for it I could snake sabinating smooth out these wrinkles and crow's tracks on my ole face, I'd try to cut you out, boy."
"Well, if they have the girls then they are bad men, and I've a notion to begin wingin' them as I did the Indians yesterday. What do

them as I did the Indians yesterday. What do you say?"

"No, no, boy; you can't ever come that game with them freebooters, for that's what they are. You can see they are all well mounted, and the Ingins weren't. Besides, robbers always have fast horses, and there may be some in that gang that would discount your gray. And there may be good marksmen there, too, with longranged rifles. Then again you haven't got black whirlwinds to ride in—no ridges, scarcely, to dodge behind. No, it will never do, boy; we've got to circumvent them dogs some way or other before they cross the Cheyenne and git into the hills."

"They're just about goin' to strike the Buf-

into the hills."

"They're just about goin' to strike the Buffalo Pass crossin'," said Silver Star; "we might get in ahead of them and ambush them."

"We must keep them out of the Buffalo Pass, boy—to the right, and that'll give us a better chance. Oh, horn of Joshua! if I had about fifty of my braves here now I'd rake them ole outlaws from taw."

"Your braves? what do you mean by that

Your braves? what do you mean by that, Kit? 'Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Kit; "why, boy,

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Kit; "why, boy, I am White Crane, the mysterious chief!"
"You're jokin', Kit!" exclaimed the boy.
"I am, am I? Didn't I save your bacon the night I met you at the Dead Fall? Didn't I shoot two of my braves next mornin' to git you out of your deefculty?"

"Great miracles! a light bursts upon my mind. I see through that mystery. Why, man, how dare you serve two masters? You're a puzzle, Kit. You're a cheat—a fraud!"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it some day. It tickled Arkansaw almost to death when I told him; but the fust thing to be did is to rescue them gals. Now, I suggest that we creep down

them gals. Now, I suggest that we creep down to the trail and capture that surveyor and his man, and then you and me run the helm awhile —long enough to git them out of range of the Buffalo Pass."

"Good, Kit! good, White Crane! anything to

"Good, Kit! good, White Crane! anything to be at work!"

The two descended the bluff they were on and rode back to their friends; and then they all galloped around almost to the head of the train, all the while keeping in the low valleys.

Loaving their horses and friends concealed behind a hill, Kit and Silver Star crept along through the tall grass of a long narrow slough until they came to where the wagon had crossed. Knowing that the surveyor and his man had not crossed, they concealed themselves in the grass to await their approach.

In a few minutes Herman Braash and a servant appeared over the hill and rode down toward them. They carried a compass and field-glass and staff. As they descended the hill they slacked their animals pace to a slow walk. They were talking, all unconscious of the eyes that were upon them—the ears that heard Braash say:

"He we ret to the river without molestation." Braash sav:

Braash say:

"If we get to the river without molestation, we'll be all safe enough. Those horsemen we seen may be pursuers; but I hardly think they are Bandy and his tribe, for they, of course, will follow the Indians, and not find out their mistake till we get into the hills, and then—"

"Oh! but you're not there!" exclaimed a voice, and Kit Bandy and Silver Star sprung out of the grass, seized their horses and held a cocked revolver at each breast; "'s death, men, to move!"

Herman Braash was thunderstruck, and his face grew white as a sheet. But he soon recovered his presence of mind, and with a forced laugh, said:
"Why, Bandy, my old friend, what does this

mean?"
"Business!" replied Bandy, "and you can't bluff me a bit with laughin', Herman. I'm ole pizen, and that boy's still wuss. All we want is for you to dismount and give up."
Braash's companion was a Mexican half-breed with the look of a désperado. His horse had been seized by Silver Star, who, boy that he was, looked so insignificant to the ruffian, standing as he was in the grass, that, as soon as the order to dismount was given, he—the robber—made a grab for his revolver and succeeded in drawing it, but before he could fire, Silver Star

drawing it, but before he could fire, Silver Star sent a bullet through his brain. Not a groan even escaped his lips, and as he tumbled a lifeless heap to the earth, Braash grew pale and the glare of a demon shot from his eyes; but he dismounted and gave himself up, saying:

"Bandy, what does this murderous assault mean? You'll have to answer to the United States government for this."

"I know it," replied Kit, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pockets, "and I've been wantin' the chance these two years. These wristlets, Herman, I've carried for you till they act'ly wore a hole in my pocket; so now take them on like a little man—there, snap, she goes!"

Alarmed by the pistol-shot—the wind being toward them—Old Arkansaw and his friends hastened to the scene of action. Meanwhile, Silver Star had crept to the top of the hill to see if the shot had alarmed the outlaws; but as the wind was unfavorable, it appeared the

sound did not reach them.

Kit was not long in preparing for the next move. He had Silver Star don the Mexican's move. He had silver star don the Mexican's coat and hat, while he effected a change of suits with the surveyor. This done, the two mounted the outlaws' horses, and, taking the compass and other surveying tools, rode boldly forward upon the trail of the wagon, leaving Braash in charge of Old Arkansaw and Sparraysbark.

rowhawk When Kit and his companion reached the top When Kit and his companion reached the top of the hill, the wagon and escort were half a mile ahead, as were the chain-bearers also; while, beyond all, the flagman was standing with his pole set. About two hundred yards in advance of our friends stood a short pole, to which was attached a red strip of cloth. Silver Star was the first to discover it, and at once inquired what it meant. inquired what it meant.

inquired what it meant.

"I see you know nothin' much 'bout surveyin', boy," replied Kit; "I used to do a little of it—was axman for a party once, and know all 'bout it. That flag yander is a 'marker,' as I call them. It marks the spot where the flagman's pole last sot, when the surveyor sighted his line through. He marked the spot with that flag, and went on, so's to be at the next point by the time we reached here. Now, I'll set there and make another sight through, then move on. by the time we reached here. Now, IT set there and make another sight through, then move on. Oh, you'll learn, boy, but ar'n't the warmints takin' a sight of pains, though, to make folks believe they're angels? You see, anything bearin' a government stamp has a free pass through this country—particularly across Indian reservations, and that's one thing that these scoundards here come this surveyin' dedge on us for drels have come this surveyin' dodge on us for.
But, how do I look, Silver, with this rig on?
cavalierishly? superbumfustic?"

"Oh, you look skrimtuous—like General Cus-

Reaching the "marker," Kit dismounted, placed the staff by the flag and then adjusted the compass and liberated the needle. The flagman was in plain view, though nearly a mile

Kit took the field-glass and scanned the whole party before him carefully. The glass brought them so close that he almost shuddered. He could see the very eyes of the flagman, a vil-lainous-looking fellow, apparently looking right

"I tell you, boy, they're armed like pirates and all good men—on good horses; but, that makes no difference. We must put them off the Buffalo Pass route, and throw them east. I see Herman, the bugger, war only runnin' on about one or two degrees bearin', but I'll pop her around to about ten degrees this time, and a little more next, and that'll about take us to the Open Wood Ford. Dast the needle, it dips and bobs round too much to suit me—too much attractions. It reminds me of old Sabina when thar's other ladies around me; but thar, that's

good enough."

The needle having settled, Old Kit glanced through the sights, then took off his hat in his right hand and held it out from him. The flagman understood the signal, and at once moved his pole several rods to the right, and was kep moving until Kit was afraid to go further for fear too much of a deviation at one time might arouse suspicion. It is true, the sun could not be seen, and so no one could tell, exactly, the points of the compass, except those with the compass; still Kit was afraid the outlaws might

know the country better than he did.

When the flagman was given the signal to "stick"—by the surveyor raising both hands and then dropping them—he marked the spot with a little flag and went on; while Kit, mounting his horse, rode on, laughing till his sides

ing his horse, rode on, laughing till his sides ached.

"Yesterday was your day, Silver Star," he said, "and to-day's mine. You were a windspirit, and I am a civil engineer. Ho! ho! ho—orn of Joshua! won't thar be a b'ilin' at camp when them fools ahead find out that we're running this helm-business. Zounds! if they'd a glass they might see that your clothes hangs loosish on you, and that my legs are poked through this coat furder than Herman's were. Oh, but this is a scientific party—ha! hai ha! ha! But I wonder whar Professor Daymon is with his maps and lofty intellect?"

The two rode on until they came to the next "marker," when Kit again set the compass and sighted through. As before, he gave their course a few degrees east bearing; and in this way they went on for some ten miles without detection. The last "set" made by the flagman brought him to the edge of the timber bordering the Big Cheyenne river.

the Big Cheyenne river.

It was now almost dark, and as old Kit kne the party would encamp at the river when they found they were out of their course, the old man was at a loss as to what he should do. They dare not go on, of course, and the absence of Herman and the Mexican might soon reveal the state of affairs. But, after all, he had accomplished all he aimed at—had thrown the outlews more than five miles out of their outlaws more than five miles out of their

"Well, Silver," the old man said, "we might as well ride back and meet the rest of the folks and hold a council of war—the war itself, if Sabina's there yit. All the skullduggery part is through with now, and next comes the blood

and danger part."

They turned about and rode back along the trail, and had gone but a short distance when they discovered Old Arkansaw and Sparrow-hawk riding toward them at the top of their maintained more of their control of the animals' speed.
"What in the furies are up now?" exclaimed

Kit.
"They surely haven't left that outlaw with that wife of yours," remarked Silver Star.
In a moment the riders drew up before

them.
"Good God, Bandy!" exclaimed Arkansaw,
"that man Braash got away from us!"
"Horn of Joshua! how come that? Were

"Horn of Joshua! how come that? Were you asleep, Arky?"
"No; that infernalated old woman of yourn did it through confounded spite. You see, we mounted the prisoner on Silver Star's horse, and then hitched the horse to Sabina's mule, and when our backs were turned, she cut the hitch-rein, and before we could say Jack Robinson, the rascal put them big spurs into Prince's side and shot away like an arrow."
"Well, great Jehoviah! that'll spile all our 'rangements, sure. Why didn't you strangle that woman? Where is she?"
"Last we see'd of her she was follerin' Her-

"Last we see'd of her she was follerin' Her-man Braash."
"Well, let'r rip; we'll go through that robher camp afore mornin just the same of my name's not Ka-ristopher Ka-lumbus Bandy." "Second the motion," added Old Arkansaw, eager for the fray.

CHAPTER XXIV

ALL unconscious of what was going on behind them, the outlaws moved on until the river was reached. Herman Braash, the captain of the band and his servant Lavejoe, had remained behind as a rear-guard under the shallow pretense of conducting the survey. It is true they were wantin' the chance these two years. These wristlets, Herman, I've carried for you till they act'ly wore a hole in my pocket; so now take them on like a little man—there, snap, she goes!"

Completely vanquished, Braash made no resistance, and the manacles were placed upon his wrists.

"Now, sir," remarked Kit, "you've some gals in your wagon that we want next."

"Indeed!" sneered the villain; "then get them. Waylay the wagon, won't you, you accursed old baboon?"

"Can't you give me a written order for them?"

"When I do you'll know it. You have taken the advantage of me once, but you cannot do it again."

Alarmed by the pistol-shot—the wind being toward them—Old Arkansaw and his friends hastened to the scene of action. Meanwhile, Silver Star had crept to the top of the hill to camp, and the question was answered.

into camp, and the question was answered. Captain Braash had arrived. A cry of astonishment burst from every lip, while one frightful oath after another issued from the captain's lips as his horse kept plung-

"Catch this horse, idiots!" he finally

A man caught the frightened, panting animal. 'Captain, what does this mean?" asked the

man;
"It means that we are a set of stupid asses!
Kit Bandy and that young hell-hound, Silver
Star, waylaid me and Lavejoe, and after killing
Lave, forced me to surrender. I was then
handcuffed by that infernal Bandy and placed on that horse; but, thanks to the jealousy of old Bandy's wife, who came up with Arkansaw and another chap whom I recognized as Paul Osman, I managed to escape. She cut the hitch rein when the others' faces were turned and told me to go, and I went. You fools have been guided here by old Kit Bandy and that how who me to go, and I went. You fools have been guided here by old Kit Bandy and that boy, who took our coats, hats and instruments and fol-lowed in our places. I should taink you could

have seen you were not going to the Buffalo Pass."

"By the immaculates! who'd 'a' dreamed of sich an infernal trick!" exclaimed the flagman; everything went along as usual-I detected

'Ah! them fellows are cunning devils "Ah! them fellows are cuming devils. Ahl our attempts to throw them off the track of the girls have been mere boy's play. We'll have to fight our way through now, and we'll do thunderin' well if we get the train through at all. But they'll never get them girls alive, now mind! Here, some of you fellows, get these handcuffs off my wrist. Curse that Bandy! This tells me that he's a sneakin' old Government

After the irons were removed from the captain's wrists, he personally superintended the arrangement of the camp; and while thus engaged the approach of another horseman

through the gathering twilight was an-

A few minutes later, Sabina Bandy came A few minutes later, Sabina Bandy came "pegging" into camp upon her old mule. The outlaws jeered and hooted as she came up, but the captain quickly put an end to this by informing them that she was the woman that had liberated him.

"Why have you come here, Mrs. Bandy?" the outlaw asked, advancing to where she had drawn rein and dismounted.

"Because I wanted to tell you that old Kit Bandy, my lawfully-wedded husband, is in love with one of them gals in your wagon. That's exactly why I come."

"How do you know there's girls in that wagon?"

wagon?"
"Why, I heard old Kit say so; and as he's got his ole big nose into everything, I reckoned he knowed: and as I was sayin', he's in love with one of them girls and will raise the old fury till he gits her into his clutches; but please gracious, I, his broken-hearted wife, have detarmined he'll I, his broken-hearted wife, have detarmined he'll never take another woman to share his bed and board as long as my head's cold, and my tongue can wag. I follered you a-purpose to tell you to be on your guard or he'll go through your camp this blessed night. Double and thribble your guards round them gals. He beat me once; now I'm goin' to spend the rest of my life tryin' to beat him."

"I am under great and lasting obligations to

to beat him."

"I am under great and lasting obligations to you, Mrs. Bandy," said the outlaw captain, "for giving me this timely warning. I fully sympathize with you in your worse than widowhood, and will endeavor to give you a decree of divorce the first opportunity by putting a bullet through that old Bandy's brain. Now, Mrs. Bandy Lextend to you the bearithity of our Bandy, I extend to you the hospitality of our camp, such as it is, for the night. It is going to rain, I fear, and will be a bad, dismal night for

rain, I fear, and will be a bad, dishlat light a woman to be out."

"I'm a poor, lone woman and have got awful rude and sunburnt riding around after Old Kit Bandy; but the man that does question my good name is a dead man, so I reckon I don't care if I do stop with you as long as than's other weeminfolks in your company."

folks in your company."

"You may share the wagon with our lady friends if you wish," was the generous free-booter's offer.

"I don't know as young, flippety-flappety girls care bout 'sociatin' with an old woman, but I'm as good as they dare be, Mr. Brassher, and if they don't like me they can git out with

but I'm as good as they dare be, Mr. Brassher, and if they don't like me they can git out with their 'ristocratic manners and pride. If you fellers 'll jist look after Jerusalem, my mule, I'll be obleeged to you."

Considering what she had done for him, and her warning as to Bandy's designs, the outlaw captain could not find it in his heart to mistrust the control of any designs, when his

captain could not find it in his heart to mistrust the crazy old woman of any designs upon his confidence; and so he conducted her to the wagon, and raising the cover hanging over the forward end, he said:

"Girls, if you wish a few minutes' exercise, you have the privilege of getting out and walking around. Mrs. Bandy, here, will keep you company."

"Yes, gals; come, hop out and take a little promenade with old Aunt Sabina Bandy," added the old woman.

"Oh, Mrs. Bandy!" exclaimed the captive maidens, starting up as if with joy at sound of the old woman's voice.

"Ah! I see you recognize Mrs. Bandy—have met before," said the outlaw chief, in surprise,

met before," said the outlaw chief, in surprise,
"Oh, yes," said Sabina, "I've see'd 'em both
afore; and an'n't they pretty darlings, Mr.
Brack? No wonder Old Kit Bandy's nighly dis-

afore; and arn't they pretty darlings, Mr.
Brack! No wonder Old Kit Bandy's nighly distracted 'bout them."

The faces of the maidens wore a look of hopeless despondency. Their eyes were red with weeping, and their bodies weak and sore with long confinement. Gladly they accepted the invitation to a walk, and getting out of the wagon, each accepted an arm of Mrs. Bandy and moved slowly away toward the river, an armed guard keeping a strict watch upon them.

In the course of an hour the three were taken back to the wagon and placed therein. Mrs. Bandy's tongue ran incessantly, Old Kit being the chief object of discussion.

As the robber chief had predicted, the deepblue haze of Indian summer thickened into lowering clouds, and about dark a slow, drizzling rain set in. This made the outlaws all the more uneasy, for it would be an advantage to Old Kit Bandy's operations, while it would be a disadvantage to them. To thwart Kit's plans, however, should an attempt to release the girls be made, the outlaw chief conceived an idea which he at once proceeded to carry into execuwhich he at once proceeded to carry into execu-

on.
The stream before them was about six rods wide, three feet deep, and rather swift; and into the very center of this the wagon, with the women, was drawn, to be left for the night. When old Sabina saw what was intended, she

thrust her head out under the canvas cover and "That's it Mr Brasket: I'll bet my Jerusalem mule Old Kit'll not find us here this night.

The water came within two or three inch

the wagon-box, and rushed and roared under and around it, and through the spokes of the wheels, with a noise that made Hellice and Elwe

dizzy.
"Oh, dear!" cried the pretty Hellice, "what if the rain should raise the river and flood the "Then we'd be drowned—out of our troubles, Hellice," was little Elwe's consoling reply.

"Oh, we mustn't talk about dying any more, Elwe, for you know Aunt Sabina told us Silver Star and Sparrowhawk are alive, and near us."

"Please gracious!" exclaimed the old woman,

there is a little heart in love."
Hellice blushed crimson "Men are deceitful critters," Sabina went on.
"I've had enough of them, children, in a matrimonial way. Man's love is all moonshine."

"Perhaps all men are not like your husband, Mrs. Bandy."

"Please gracious, I should hope not."

Soon after dark Herman Braash rode over to Mrs. the wagon bringing the captives' supper on a large tin pan and some coffee in a stone jug. He spoke a few words and then returned to the

shore.

The women ate, with a keen relish, the dry biscuit, roasted venison and fish and drank some biscuit, roasted venison and gave them strength,

biscuit, roasted venison and fish and drank some of the coffee. The food gave them strength, both in body and mind.

Finally Sabina narrated the adventures of Silver Star and Bandy on the burnt prairie the day before, and also their adventures of that day, concluding with her own part in the play in liberating Herman Braash.

"Oh august why did you liberate him?" ask

in liberating Herman Braash.

"Oh, aunty! why did you liberate him?" asked Hellice.

"Why, children," she said, laying her arms about their necks and drawing them closer to her, "I done it just because I wanted to rescue you—'sh! now, don't scream nor git the fidgets."

"Oh, you are so kind, Mrs. Bandy! You were instrumental in rescuing us the other night," replied Hellice, in a whisper.

"Yes, and I was awfully afraid that that white man, called Sky Traveler by the Indians.

white man, called Sky Traveler by the Indians, would be here to night and spoil all our fun; but, please gracious, he is not. Their runnin' this wagon out here is a sharp trick; but, gals, if you'll just be brave we'll get out of this. I had a plan for dry land figured out; but now I've changed it into a water plan, and I know it will work but it'll take strong narves gilout to proves work; but it'll take strong nerves, silent tongues

"Oh, Mrs. Bandy! I am afraid there is no

"Oh, Mrs. Bandy! I am afraid there is no possible chance for us. Three weak, nervous women could do little against this current—surrounded by vigilant outlaws."

"Ah, me!" said the old woman, in a tone that startled the girls, "I see your woman's instinct has failed to penetrate my disguise. You think me what I appear to be—a weak-minded, old, rattle-brained woman; but, such is not the case. Now don't scream, nor fly to pieces, girls, for I'm going to tell you something: I am no more a woman than old Kit Bandy is; I am a man—I am Pike Thomas, the—"

"The detective," exclaimed Hellice.

"The detective," said the eccentric genius.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 410.)





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A Sterling Series.

WE commence in this number of the SATUR-DAY JOURNAL a series of biographic and perand past. To give it a varied and unique value somely-dressed wife, we like our children to be we shall alternate the fine work of the late field; and thus in the course of the season the to hear him denounce ' SATURDAY JOURNAL audience will have added places" and tell how he hopes that our city greatly to its store of mind treasures.

Good writers ought to make good legis- gogt lators, for they are pretty sure to know what they want and the best mode of presenting their case. We see by the Iowa press that our their case. We see by the lowa press that our contributor, Oll Coomes, now in the legislature ed for want of a sufficiency of food and clothing, and he is nearly desperate, as day by day of that State in his first term is not an idle or useless member. He goes to work like an old hand. The knotty yet exceedingly important tion he is invited to "take a drink," and with hand. The knotty yet exceedingly important the idea of lessening, even momently, his men question of the right of the State to regulate tal anguish, he accepts. He comes home that the rates and service of railways within its night and does not know his own door. limits, and the rights of the railway corporations to regulate their own affairs Mr. Coomes upper blinds. The next day every one who meets in a statesmanlike way by proposing a ever heard of Mr. Lowly knows that he is a regular commission which shall have control drunkard! (Odd, is it not? But no one was of the whole matter at issue between the people and the railways-similar to the Massachusetts law, and which has worked so well. my porter is going to leave and I thought This is a sensible solution of a difficult problem and—is just what might be expected from a writer for the SATURDAY JOURNAL!

A WORD FOR THE FLOWERS.—If we do not all become Amateur Flower Culturists, it will not be from lack of sources of information. The various seedsmen's catalogues are so admirable in description, and so full of correct directions for culture that their study is exceedingly pleasant, even for those who have no And they all forget that Mrs. Scapegrace's son garden, while for those who have their plot of often does not know his own door, and that ground the neat and pretty books (for such they are, in many cases) supplied either free or who has been known to get into a wrong house, at trifling cost, are all that can be desired. or a station-house, over night, and that they It is a good work these men are doing—dissem- themselves—oh, pray whisper it!—once drank inating a wide-spread taste for and knowledge half a glass of ale and nad to be on the solution for some hours afterward! But, then, we all of flowers; and though they thus advertise their know that forgetfulness is ever so much nicer "goods" they are none the less public bene- than remembrance, upon certain occasions factors, whose contribution to the fund of gen- Memories are as convenient little articles as eral intelligence and specific information must be acknowledged by every observant person double set of springs; you touch one set, and be acknowledged by every observant person. memory becomes excessively short, and nar-We take pleasure in adverting occasionally to row, and diminutive, every way; you touch them to encourage our readers in the pursuit of the other set and memory instantly become what certainly is a most pleasant, healthful, inconveniently large. and, not unfrequently, a very profitable puris a very bad state to be in—though if you are suit—the culture of flowers. The Catalogues | real rich you can buy plenty of excuses—and with which we are familiar are those of James I would advise you, my friend, not to spend Vick, and Briggs & Bros., of Rochester, and a deplorable degradation of your mental pow-Bliss & Co., Thorburn, Peter Henderson, and ers! Wm. H. Carson of New York City.

"If the story is not suitable for your paper will you kindly name its chief faults?"

As we have again and again announced that we cannot add to our onerous editorial work the gratuitous and always thankless service of critic and school-master, we can only account for a renewal of the request on the supposition that each writer deems himself or herself an exception to all necessary general rules.

It is, we suppose, just like each one's child; to say that that particular darling is not an exception to children in general is proof positive that we either know too little or know too much but, when it happens that the number of bright particular darlings equal in count the aggregate of children en masse, we must, in sheer despair, find excuse in a class or 'lump' classification for not praising every snub-nose, sausage-face epitome of humanity thrust into our arms for compliment and candy.

If writers will just imagine the similarity of situation with respect to contributions and babies they will see how impossible it is for us to consent to make exceptions to a good standing order. To 'give reasons' is to embark on a sea of troubles that in time would wear away even the rocky heart of Shakspeare's "vexed Bermoothes." None of that sea for us in these perplexed days!

Sunshine Papers.

Know Your Own Door.

A MAN applied to a friend of mine, a day or so ago, for the privilege of varnishing, or oiling, her front door. He would do the work for a small remuneration, and so finely that "You won't know your own door, madam, when I'm

That would instantly settle the case for me, thought I. If you please, I prefer to know my own door. It would be rather awkward to be walking into other people's houses, without leave or license. Besides there are plenty of people in the world, now, who do not know their own doors; some, on occasion—some, the majority of the time.

Young scapegrace, across the street, fre quently comes home in the "wee sma' hours," with a very muddled consciousness regarding the exact locality of his own door. He always great city is more familiar. It opens up no has a peculiar look the next morning. So peculiar, that you feel sure he made a fool of himself the night before. His eyes are red and heavy, he has a hang-dog way of carrying himself, and a generally dilapidated, headachy shamefaced air about him. And his mother,

> Mr. Ostentation, who lives up the street, and makes a great show of his prosperity, his charity, his stern morality, and his church connection, occasionally attends a committee meeting, or a board meeting, or a club meeting, where none of his strictly virtuous ac quaintances may be found, and comes home decidedly at a loss as to where to find his own door. But, bless us! if any one hears of it they only smile, and say:

> 'Why it's nothing, my dear! They all do it! Just a few glasses too much of wine! A gentleman like him could not refuse to drink at a dinner, you know; it would look so vulgar and ill-bred! The very fact that he was so affected, shows that the good man was not accustomed to such excesses! Oh, it is not the least to his discredit!"

"So say we all of us," for Mr. Ostentation sonal sketches of typical women of the present is rich; we like to associate with his hand-Mrs. E. F. Ellet with that of Dr. Legrand gantly-furnished home, we like to head our sub--an old favorite of our readers in the historic scription lists with his large donation; we like wickedness in high will select an upright man for the next mayor alty (meaning himself;) we like to have him pay the largest pew-rent and largest premium for an uppermost seat in our especial syna

> But, there is Mr. Lowly, lives around the corner. He has been out of work for eleven months; his family are getting awfully pinch fore he finds it, he fumbles at the latch of Mrs. Loosetongue. She watches him through the ever a drunkard that owned fifty thousand dollars!) One neighbor says-"I thought of giving him a place in my store next month, might get Lowly at a little reduction; but, of I shall not ask him, now!" Another neighbor declares,—"I always thought they were low people; I shall forbid my children playing with the Lowlys any more!" neighbor remarks, "I was going to give Mrs. Lowly quite a bundle of old clothing to make over for the family, but I must look out for some more deserving people, now!" And that neighbor asserts that "It is a disgrace to the locality to have that Lowly living here, and coming home so drunk nights that he cannot find his own door!"

> In fact, they are all exceedingly neighborly Mr. Ostentation occasionally does not know his own door, and that they have some relative half a glass of ale and had to lie on the sofa

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

NEEDED WORDS.

"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

From my childhood I have always been taught to respect the aged, and I just as willingly want to vote as to say harsh or cruel things against Grandma Lawless—bless her dear, good, honest But, when I look about and notice how much disrespect there is shown to those whose neads are whitened by age, and the snappish way they are spoken to, and the spiteful way of it, it makes one heart-sick, and one longs to give these disrespecters of age a talking to, and ometimes I do so.

A very flippant young miss, who seems to imagine she is made of much finer clay than the rest of us "poor miserable creatures," possesses that hateful trait of not reverencing old I don't know but she considers that I should be put in a straight-jacket, or have my ears pulled for writing in so direct a manner as I do. Yet I don't care for that; I am strong enough to bear all the epithets bestowed upon me, but I will not stand calmly by and see the aged insulted. And that this saint-like miss

does insult the aged, I have proof positive. One day, when she called at the Lawless mansion, she was very free in her remarks, and was continually abusing an individual whom she styled "Old Moll," who appeared to have all the faults in the world. I was at a loss to know who "Old Moll" was; and, when I don't know all I want to concerning certain matters, I am prone to ask questions. The mystery leaked out, and "Old Moll" proved to be this girl's own grand-

I knew this grandmother, and I knew her to be a self-sacrificing, generous woman, who de-prived herself of many things that this very niss and her brothers and sisters—parents as well—might not suffer, and, had it not been for her, the whole tribe might have been in

the poorhouse, long ago. And if you upbraided this angelic miss with her conduct, she would say she "wished her grandmother was a Christian." Yes, that is

the string she harps on all the time, in prayer meetin' and out of prayer meetin', until she seems to forget that she had best be minding her own business Not a Christian! Is it not Christianlike to help another, to work for others' welfare, to keep the hungry from starving and help to clothe the naked? And is this young miss a Christian? Her reply is that she is. Well, a

great many of us imagine that we are actually the reverse of what we really are. But, is it Christianlike to treat with disrespect the aged, to sit at home in idleness while a poor old relative walks several miles to the store for neces ries of life, that the younger members should obtain, then go to prayer meetin' and on the way nome roundly abuse one's relations and neigh bors? I don't like such Christianity, and I don't believe the Lord approves of it. There's soo much cant, and too little justice in it. Those who respect the aged cannot have very bad hearts; there must be some gems of goodness in their composition. I do so love to see people kind to and thoughtful of their elders,

and I can't believe one is a whit the worse for showing this kindness, but I can believe they are made better. Remember, time flies and the years pass speedily away. It will not be long ere you and I, who are now young, will be aged and we'll want some one to make our departing years easier. We'll not want to be wished out of the way; we'll not want to think we are of no use; that there is no room for us; that every mouthful we eat is begrudged to us. I am sure I shall not. But, if we neglect those who are now old we must expect to be neglect ed when we, ourselves, become aged, and what a dreadful thought that is! All our love for the old, our care for and attention to them, is never wasted; it will be returned to us, if not by them, by others; if not now, then in the future, when we shall have more need it.

Why should we strive to make their life-path thornier? Why put them in the shade when they need the sunshine? When gentleness pays more interest than harshness, why should we invest more in the latter than the former? These are questions which should come home to us, and can we answer them truly by saying—"because we think it is right we should do so ?"

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers. Concerning Man.

Man was one among the first human beings on the earth.

He was given dominion over all the beasts of the field, but it is fun to see him run away from a little yellow dog and yell "git out; and his influence on a cat-fight at night is very

Darwin says he was originally an ape. was said to have been created perfect. He then has lost much of his original attributes. There are a great many species of man. fact, there are all kinds and other varieties.

He is endowed with great reasoning powers, vet for the life of him he cannot tell why the style of women's hats must change once every month. He is great at finding out, but he can no more tell why a woman must be amiable away from home and cross at home than he can fly-into a passion about it and make it any better.

The principal letter in the alphabet of his life is I, and it is always a capital; among the small

letters he always places u. He is called the lord of creation. If he has no excuse he can create one; he can create a dispute or a disturbance equally well. Man born of woman and out of money is in

a few days full of trouble. Mankind is glorious, but man unkind is horri-

ble to contemplate.

Man is said to be the author of his own misfortune. It is a large book; all rights (or wrongs) reserved by the author, as it is copy-

air yet he never put salt on a bird's tail, unless it might be a quail's on toast. Man is endowed with a mind that is far above his neighbor's. He measures the distances of the stars and calls them by their wrong

He was given dominion over the fowls of the

names; but his own ways are past finding out. Man in Massachusetts is the inferior beingoman having the superiority by several thousand. Man is supposed to be about six thousand

ears of age—enough years to last a man his ifetime. Man is a strange animal, but it is not altogether known as being wild. If it exhibited

any such symptoms its wife has been known to manage it with consummate tact and it has be-Man prides himself on the precedence of his birth, and loves to assure his wife that woman

was made from a rib taken from his fore-

father's side, and as a consequence this has been the bone of contention, and not of content, ever since that important event. That bone ha

when a man gets to thinking that he knows about all the little things pretty much that mortals were divinely intended to know, he can start a pretty good-sized lunatic asylum on his own hook without having to advertise for patients. Some men the older they get the more they don't know, and they are proud of it.

One thing that characterizes man, from all other animals is that he is capable of forming opinions of himself—and others; more of himself than others. His opinions of himself are his own and why try to despoil him of their comfort? A man has a right to think as much of himself as of anybody else, and he does it. Having originally lost a rib the chief end of man seems to be to get another rib, and then omes the rib-bons.

Man lives in the expectation of being some-body or somebody else, and is apt, if he strives, to make his mark-on every thing he touches, especially if his fingers are dirty.

There are seven ages of man; the crib-age, the cab-age, the non-age, the sauce-age, the break-age, the mar-riage and the dote-age. Man from the earliest ages has figured pretty

extensively in the history of various nations of the earth; he is pretty generally with the peo-ple, and is included among the masses; but a man is only a man when he conducts himself like a man and is known by his manners.

A man who will do unto a fellow-man what his fellow-man has done unto him isn't the smallest half of a man; but when his washwoman sends home his week's washing with everything on them but the buttons he has a perfect right according to the latest revised statutes to relax a little on his manliness and modestly employ a reasonable number of Latin execrations—that is, if he reasonably thinks he

can swear half the buttons on again.

Man is divided into two general classes,
Big man and Little man. There are none of

the latter class on this globe. Man will take up arms in the defense of his home and boldly battle for it, sometimes even with his mother-in-law, defending his threshold against all invaders with heroic determination—unless it might be burglars, when in that case, he might fortify himself under the bed or serve as a rear guard to his wife.

Man is formed pretty much all over the face and the back of the globe, and in some parts of Louisiana, but the drunken man who lost his hat with the brick still in it which you lightheartedly but heavy footedly kicked off the sidewalk on the first end of last April, you will never find, and you need not walk around on

one foot to hunt him.

The boy is father to the man. This truth was forcibly impressed upon me when I read on a sign yesterday, "John Crinklepin and Father—Attorneys at Law." It seems reasonable beyond any number of doubts, because I know a good many boys who are older than their paternal parents.

Man is endowed with great perceptive faculties and can divine hidden things, but I'll bet the next dollar I make off my neighbor in trade that there is not one man in a hundred who can wake up at midnight and guess within forty feet of just where his clothes are scattered; and at morning it looks like a man had been shipwrecked in a wind-storm. Man is of a high order but he lacks the order.

Manfully yours, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN

-A disposition to economize was never more —A disposition to economize was never more favorably assisted by fashion than at the present time. It is not uncommon to see three different fabrics in one rich costume, and quite as great a liberty is permitted to the frugal mind bent upon making use of anything that is useful. Figured silks and plain black silks supply a handsome toilet for those who do not desire to a handsome toilet for those who do not desire to go to the expense of purchasing embossed vel-vets, which appear in combination with plain silks, and the charming armure silks are supplying a need long felt in silk materials.

Topics of the Time

—The recent hazing expose with which Princeton College—staid old Presbyterian Princeton—regales us is a sad evidence of the combined inefficiency of a college faculty and the innate deviltry of students. The Sophs brutally misuse a Fresh—so brutally indeed that his fellows, aroused to resentment, proceed in a body to the room of the leader of the Sophs and deliberately shave his head. He retorts, when released, by using a pistol, and the affair ends by his being shot and severely wounded. It is a disgrace that such a custom as hazing should be treated otherwise than with the severest penalty of the law against ruffianly assault, and we sincerely hope every boy in Princeton identified with the late outrages will be made to appease his appetite for "fun" inside of a prison-cell, where a six-months season of reflection may teach him that a young "gentleman" who is a rufflan is equally a disgrace to himself, his femilia and attacks. tleman" who is a rufflan is equally a disgrace to himself, his family and the college he dis-

—The hue and cry against American fast life and the overwork and excitement that cause premature death is not sustained by facts. Men in the full vigor of their faculties are common enough at seventy. Here we have, of citizens known to all, Henry C. Carey, William Cullen Bryant and Peter Cooper, still at work at the age of 85. And Mr. Cameron is in his 80th year, and by no means ready to fall asleep while this administration lasts. Horace Binney, wanting but three years of being a century, was but recently buried in Philadelphia, after a very exciting and active life; and recalling other prominent men whose lives were active and laborious, there was Webster, who lived to 70 years; Clay, to 75; Benton, an additional year; Chief Justice Marshall, 80; John Quincy Adams, 81; Thomas Jefferson, 83; Lewis Cass, 84; and Chief Justice Taney, 87. The list can be easily extended, and the more it is examined the more fully it will be proved that American life is no more deadly than European and the more fully it will be proved that American life is no more deadly than European, and that profes-sional life has as good chances of continuance here as there.

-In Dr. Legrand's sketch of Christopher Columbus, published in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, No 342 (Sept. 30, 1876), it is stated that the great discoverer's remains were brought from Seville, Spain, as ordered in his will, and interred ville, Spain, as ordered in his will, and interred in San Domingo; but were long afterward (January, 1796) taken up and transferred to the right side of the altar of the great cathedral in Havana, Cuba, with extraordinary and imposing ceremony. It has lately transpired that the whole reburial was an imposture, and that the bones of the admiral yet repose in their original resting-place. An English scientific man writes to Nature: "The remains of Christopher Columbus are to-day in Santo Domingo, Unwrites to Nature: "The remains of Christopher Columbus are to-day in Santo Domingo. Unfortunately I am not able now to send you the full data. Suffice it to say that the chain of evidence is complete, and has been verified with all possible precaution. The cheat was perpetrated by a then member of the 'Cabildo,' who had the knowledge, the text and the unexpression. trated by a then member of the 'Cabildo,' who had the knowledge, the tact and the unscrupulousness to perpetrate it successfully. The whole consular corps, all the Government officials and all the better class, alike of natives and foreigners, at the time in Santo Domingo City are witnesses of the authenticity of the 'find.'"

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "An Old Maid;" "The Last of the Year;" "A Poor Millionaire;" "The Best of All;" When Daisies Come; "Perpetual Motion;" 'How Many Lost;" "Mary's Little Man;" "The Lover That's True."

Declined: "The Doctor's Romance;" "An Old Inid's Story;" "A Space in the Air;" "Do We now?" "Mason against Stone;" "Rocky John;" The Chinaman's Pappoose;" "Big Biggins;" "A Wonderful Boy;" "When Jane meets Jane."

EXPLORE. There is no "erasing fluid." An acid used in extracting ink and print from paper or archment, and chlorine is then used to bleach the iscolorations. Your chirography is good.

discolorations. Your chirography is good.

JEHU. Having had no practical experience with
the telephone we cannot express our opinion. As
it is coming into everyday use in the Departments
at Washington, and is usefully applied elsewhere
between offices and houses widely separated, we see
no obstacle in its wide-spread adoption.

CLAY-BIRD. There is no method of obtaining position of captain's clerk but by applying to shipowner or captain. It is well enough to study navigation, but, in these days of steam, unless you really expect to sail a vessel as officer, you will not
be called upon for much "sailor knowledge."

MRS. S. L. K. In your State a married woman

be called upon for much "sailor knowledge."

MRS. S. L. K. In your State a married woman can hold property in her own name, may make contracts, sue and be sued, and can dispose of her property by wil, and, in case of her death without a will, her husband is excluded from any share in her estate. Your husband's course, we should say, amounted to coercion. Keep your property rights in your own name.

PINEY-WOOD SCRATCHER. We have no means of knowing the price of land in the county named. Lands in North Carolina are, as a rule, very cheap, and no State, we are told, offers greater inducements to colonies. Single settlers probably would find it rather lonely and isolated, and too remote from market. Should say, all things considered, that you will be better suited in Tennessee.

ABIJAH ROUND-THE-CORNER. Consult any school map. The Bosphorus is the river, or channel, leading from the Black sea into the sea of Marmora. The Dardanelles is the river or channel from the sea of Marmora to the Mediterranean. The two forts, at the Southern end of this channel, are really the true Dardanelles and from them the passage has obtained its name. The term, Golden Horn, is applied to the harbor of Constantinople, which is a half moon in shape.

LITERARY. We do not remember to have seen

LITERARY. We do not remember to have seen Starr King's list of one hundred books for self-culture. We can guess what many of them must be. The list must be so chosen as to have each volume supplement another, to form a continuity of subject and information. We presume the Boston "Literary World" will give you the actual list if you suggest its publication.—An excellent aid in, and guide to, the choice of books to buy and read is Putnam's Library Companion.

DOCKET NO. 2. Take the candy to some chemist.

nam's Library Companion.

Docket No. 2. Take the candy to some chemist.
The coloring matter may have been—probably was
poisonous, for candy-makers do not scruple to
use arsenical coloring matter. Many of the socalled aniline colors are poisonous. As sugar is
but ten cents per pound, and the cheapest candy
is sold from twenty to thirty cents, the profit is too
great to excuse adulteration, yet enormous quantities of flour, corn-starch, white clay and gelatine
are used by confectioners. A pure candy is the exception, not the rule, we are assured.

Middle Corn Box. Such a list of sketches as those

ception, not the rule, we are assured.

MIDDLECORN BOX. Such a list of sketches as those you speak of ran through the Journal in 1876. Should recommend for you to get Higginson's "Youth's History of America." It is very entertaining.—The Turks were originally Turc mans or Tartars. They are an Asiatic, not European race. A Turk not a Mohammedan would be an anomaly. Even the most enlightened and best educated of the race—and many of them are well educated—are followers of the Prophet; hence their very civilization is antagonistic to European ideas. They must either abjure Mahommedanism or leave Europe.

abjure Mahommedanism or leave Europe.

Ansstatia, It is difficult to advise you. You certainly are entitled to a fair return for your labors. The idea of becoming a nurse is not a bad one if you can gain admission to a hospital. We would suggest for you to write first to the directors of your own State Asylums, which each have their hospitals or sick wards; next, to hospitals in Philadelphia and New York—of which there are a considerable number; or, if no list of these is attainable, write to the Directory of St. John's Hospital, New York, and the lady directress may give you such suggestions or directions as will essentially assist you. Places are not easily obtained, but persevere. Would it not be better, after all, to start right out and learn the dressmaker's trade?

F. B. S. (Philadelphia). You can hardly expect anything but broken promises from a young woman of such character as to frequent the places to which you refer. No respectable girl, be she ever so poor and illiterate, but would shrink with disgust from being seen in such "places of entertainment;" and the fact that the girl to whom you refer has been in the habit of frequenting such places, and continues to do so, despite your wishes, is sufficient proof that she is entirely unworthy your love. Only a complete reformation in her conduct, can make her worthy to become any respectable man's wife. We would suggest that young men who desire ladylike and modest girls for sweethearts, should be as careful in their own conduct, and as irreproachable in their morals, as they desire the women to be, whom they seek to marry.

A CONSTANT READER. (Atlanta, Ga.) writes:

in their morals, as they desire the women to be, whom they seek to marry.

A Constant Reader, (Atlanta, Ga.) writes: "Please be so kind as to answer the following questions: Give me a list of American Poets. The latest style in arranging the hair. The address to vassar College. What will make the eyes sparkle? A remedy for weak eyes. And can you judge my character by my handwriting?" It would be impossible, in a short space like this, to give you a complete list of American poets. Among the principal ones are Aldrich, Bryant, Alice Cary, Phoebe Cary, Will Carleton, Emerson, Halleck, Bret Harte, John Hay, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Holland, O. W. Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, "H. H." (Mrs. Hunt), Longfellow, Lowell, Lucy Larcom, Joaquin Miller, Adelaide Proctor, Edgar A. Poe, J. Howard Payne, T. Buchanan Read, Saxe, Mrs. Sigourney, Edmund C. Stedman, Swinburne, Bayard Taylor, Trowbridge, H. D. Shorean, Whittier, and N. P. Willis.—The hair is arranged as high upon the head as possible, and no false hair used. In front there is either a center-part, or it is combed straight back, with a fluffy fringe over the brow. Those ladies to whom high hair-dressing is not becoming, wear the hair in one or two broad plaits looped at the nape of the neck.—Address Secretary of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Eating loaf sugar, with cologne or alcohol dropped on it, will make the eyes sparkle. Also soap-suds, made of Castile soap, filtred in them. The best possible remedy for weak eyes is pure Pond's Extract, diluted one-half with rain or soft water. Wash the eyes in this night and morning, and once or twice through the day. Never read while traveling, and on ot use the eyes by any poor light, and avoid all fine print and dark work in the evening. If your eyes do not improve, consult a physician.—We do not pretend to read character by handwriting, but your penmanship seems to indicate an independent, vigorous character.

Katie L. writes: "Please tell me who were the Fates, and what they did? Who were the Graces

your penmanship seems to indicate an independent, vigorous character.

Karie L. writes: "Please tell me who were the Fates, and what they did? Who were the Graces and the Muses? Is Cecil a girl's name or a boy's? I hope you won't think me so troublesome as to throw my letter aside." The Fates were three powerful goddesses, called by the ancients Parce. They were represented as old women. Clotho held a distaff, and was supposed to preside over the birth of mortals, and spin the thread of their lives. Lachesis held a spindle, presided over futurity, and continued spinning the thread of life. Atropas held scissors, and presided over death, cutting the thread of life.—The Graces, or Gratie, also called Charities, were the daughters of Jupiter and Venus. They were constant attendants on the beautiful Yenus, and were, themselves, young, beautiful and modest. Their names were Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne.—The Muses, or Muse, were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. There were nine of these goddesses, Clio, muse of history, who was crowned with laurels, and held a trumpet in one hand, a book in the other; Euterpe, muse of music, and supposed to be the inventress of the flute and all wind instruments; Thalia, muse of festivals, and pastoral and comic poetry, held a mask in her right hand, and a shepherd's crook; Melpomene, muse of tragedy, her garments were splendid, and she held a dagger in one hand, a scepter and crown in the other; Terpsichore, muse of dancing, of which she was considered the inventress; Erato, muse of lyric, tender, and amorous poetry; Polyhymnia, muse of singing and rhetoric, was vailed in white, a crown of jewels on her head, and a scepter in her left hand; Calliope, muse of eloquence and heroic poetry; Urania, muse of astronomy, was dressed in azure, and held in her hand a globe and mathematical instruments. All of these were mythological characters, worshiped in ancient Greece. You should study mythology. It is interesting and instructive.—Ceoil is a name used for both boys and girls: some

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

A PICTURE.

BY G. W

One picture fair within my heart I carry, Unshadowed by the weary weight of years; And often, as amid strange scenes I tarry, A vision of my early youth appears.

The houses clustered on the water's border. Clear imaged in the softly-flowing stream: The trees beyond it, set in gracious order,
The bridge, the road—delicious is the dream

Each nook recalls fond thoughts, and memorie soften
My heart to those that still by them abide;
I think of those that wandered with me often
Of those who now in earth lie side by side.

Long years have rolled, and other children gladly
Rove in the woods and by the water ide Rove in the woods and by the waterside; nd some who walked with me may eye them sadly And think of other days, whose light has died.

And yet it lives, and sheds a wondrous sweetness Around the ways, else darkly shaded all;
Making the heart, prepared in all meetness,
Like "darkened chamber," when the bright rays fall:

A home of beauty, where the past is cherished,
'Each common thing made radiant in the light;
No gleam of love or beauty that has perished,
But here, relimned, is clear to inward sight.

Typical Women. MYRA CLARK GAINES.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It will be hereafter generally acknowledged, as it is now by many, that America has produced no more remarkable woman than Mrs. Gaines. It is difficult to separate her personal character from the singular circumstances that have brought her prominently into notice, and made her a subject for history. But any fair observer cannot fail to see that the one is to the full as extraordinary and interesting as to the full as extraordinary and interesting as

the other.

Her story is so picturesque and romantic, that we cannot but regret that she has not either given us an autobiography, or placed materials for a full memoir in the hands of a competent writer. She informed us that she had given such materials, up to a certain time, to a gentleman who had her promise not to let any one else anticipate his work. He was to have completed it years ago. If he neglects his duty, the lady should transfer the trust to some one more reliable. She owes the world such a memore reliable. She owes the world such a me

moir.

Her father, Daniel Clark, was a shippingmerchant of prodigious wealth; one of those
commercial princes whose elegant and luxurious lives rendered them a separate and distinguished class in New Orleans, at a period when
that tropical city still bore the impress of its
weakness and corruption under Spanish rule.
Its population was a mixture of different races;
its luxury was proverbial; its rich residents
were like the proud grandees of Castlian renown. Daniel Clark was himself a native of
Ireland, and had inherited the estate of an uncle
who had summoned him to the New World to
assist him in the management of his property. who had summoned him to the New World to assist him in the management of his property. Clark was described by Judge Wayne as "a man of no ordinary character or influence on those about him." His wealth secured him high standing; his energy and enterprise were a guarantee for the continuance of prosperity, and his proud, generous and genial character gave him social supremacy, and obtained respect from foreign Governments.

About 1802 he became acquainted with Madame Zulime de Granges, the wife of a Frenchman said to be noble in his own country, though reduced in this to a "horrible shopkeeper."

man said to be noble in his own country, though reduced in this to a "horrible shopkeeper." This lady was a Creole of extraordinary beauty. Clark became enamored of her; and when it was ascertained that her marriage with De Granges was void because his wife wedded in France was still living, the rich chevalier made proposals of marriage to her. She and her sister found in Philadelphia a witness to De Granges's French marriage, who knew the wife to be still living. The wronged lady was therefore free to wed another if she pleased.

Daniel Clark appeared at this juncture, full of ardent love for the beautiful victim of the Frenchman's perfidy, and prevailed on her to

Frenchman's perfidy, and prevailed on her to consent to a private marriage before competent

A report now came that the French wife of De Granges had appeared to claim her rights: and on aring this, Mrs. Daniel sister, Madame Despau, hastened home to New

De Granges, it is said, was prosecuted for be Granges, it is said, was prosecuted for bigamy, tried, convicted and imprisoned. Zulime then saw her way clear to a public acknowledgment of her marriage with Clark, so that she could take her place as mistress of his house. She expected her justification before the world, from the judicial proof of De Granges's higamy.

at this critical time De Granges made his But at this critical time De Granges made his escape from prison. The Spanish Governor was charged with aiding his escape. He was hurried down the Mississippi, taken on board a ship about to sail from the Gulf for Europe, and car-

This untoward accident raised an obstacle to This untoward accident raised an obstacle to the recognition of his beautiful spouse by the proud merchant prince. He seems to have never, during his life, presented to the world his lawful wife, the lovely but unhappy Zu-

Her child was born in the house of M. Boisfontaine, a refugee from St. Domingo, and a confidential agent of Daniel Clark in the manconfidential agent of Daniel Clark in the management of several of his estates. Myra Clark, soon after her birth, was placed by M. Boisfontaine in the family of his brother-inlaw, Col. S. B. Davis. Both these appear to have been gentlemen of culture and honor. They probably believed the stories circulated by persons interested in suppressing the truth; and supposed they were best serving Mr. Clark in bringing up his daughter in seclusion, and in ignorance of her parentage. They could not have understood that they were made a party to a great and terrible wrong.

have understood that they were made a party to a great and terrible wrong.

The residence of Colonel Davis in after years was in Wilmington, Delaware, on "Kennett's Pike"—the road leading to Kennett's Square. It is not known exactly at what time the little Myra became his exclusive charge. It is said she retained a shadowy remembrance of her father, as a tall, handsome man, who caressed her and smiled upon her. The suffering of the young mother, so soon parted from her child, so unkindly repelled by the husband in whose love she had trusted, must be left to conjecture. Her claims to recognition were not admitted. Her claims to recognition were not admitted. She was defrauded of her position as the wife of a distinguished man, and the sharer of his or a distinguished man, and the stands of the enormous wealth. She seems to have been passionately attached to him; for she had patiently borne the postponement of the acknowledgment due to her, for some time after the marriage. With the birth of her daughter she became naturally more anxious on the subject. enormous wealth.

came naturally more anxious on the subject.
Daniel Clark was elected to Congress the year
after Myra's birth, and went to Washington.
He did not take Zulime. She stayed in hopes
of the recognition which should vindicate her
from unjust obloquy. The two had parted on
affectionate terms, and letters reached her on
the arrival of Clark in Philadelphia, to which
eith head come have a Byt an more letters. the arrival of Clark in Philadelphia, to which city he had gone by sea. But no more letters came after he had gone to Washington. The correspondence had passed through Clark's business partners, and it is said they were interested in suppressing his letters, and destroying those given them by the wife, to be forwarded. At any rate, communication ceased between the separated pair. The anguish of hope deferred, and finally of a conviction that she was an outcast from her husband's love,

lean on some protection stronger than itself. Had she been like some women, she might have pursued and confronted her husband, and forced from him the acknowledgment she craved for horself and her infort alf and her infant.

herself and her infant.

But fate was against her. On one side stood the mystery of De Granges's crime, and the impossibility of finding him, to sustain the charge that freed her; on the other towered the pride of wealth and station. Could the haughty chevalier, worshiped for his elevated standing, his political influence, his fabulous riches, and his splendid social qualities, descend to own as his mate the humble daughter of misfortune, beautiful and charming indeed, but touched by the taint of misery, brought upon her by the crimes of others? What would the fair and accomplished woman who graced the sphere in complished woman who graced the sphere in which Daniel Clark moved, say to the presumption of the lowly Creole who asserted herself

his wife?

It is a world old story. Zulime at last abandoned hope. Her husband lost, her child taken from her, her loneliness became oppressive. She heard the rumor that the husband who re-

She heard the rumor that the husband who refused to acknowledge her was paying court to another lady. This stung her to action. What woman could bear a rival in her lawful place! She hurried to Philadelphia. She sought Mr. Coxe, a business partner and friend of Clark's, and proclaimed herself Clark's wife. He asked for the proof of her marriage. Alas! she could produce none. The records had been lost or destroyed; the priest had gone to Ireland; the witnesses had disappeared.

resses had disappeared.

Zulime was reminded of the great wealth and power arrayed against her claim. She consulted a lawyer and met with further discouragement. She learned that her husband was engaged positively to a lady in Baltimore.

Zulime found her enemies too many for her.

She had now of the spirit and energy of her Zulime found her enemies too many for her. She had none of the spirit and energy of her daughter Myra. There is a story that she went in a carriage to the front of her rival's house, one evening when there was a party, and saw it brilliantly illuminated; that she saw also her faithless lord walking with his young betrothed on the veranda. We doubt the truth of this. A woman would scarcely have been a woman, had she not then and there denounced the recreant, or left the marks of her vengeance on the face of the object of his courtship!

Poor Zulime succumbed. She knew that in roor zunme succumbed. She knew that in lax New Orleans infidelity in man was reckoned as nothing. Perhaps she may have even questioned whether she had not been, all along, the victim of man's decention.

questioned whether she had not been, an adolg, the victim of man's deception.

Daniel Clark died on the 16th of August, 1813.

In that same year he made his last will. By this he declared Myra Davis his daughter and only legitimate child, and left to her the whole of his estates!

off his estates!

The executors were all well-known citizens of New Orleans. Evidence exists of this will; and in his last hours Clark solemnly charged Boisfontaine, and Lubin his attendant, to hand over to De la Croix, one of his executors, the "little black case" containing this will!

While Clark lay in the unconsciousness preceding dissolution, Relf, his partner, turned to the armoire, took up the bunches of keys, and left the room. Afterward, when the black case was opened, no will was found!

A previous will was produced, and admitted to probate. Under it, Relf and Chew, executors, assumed charge of the estates.

It is said that Colonel Davis removed to Philadelphia in 1812, and some years later to his

It is said that Colonel Davis removed to Philadelphia in 1812, and some years later to his home in Wilmington. Here Myra's young girlhood was passed. She was supposed the daughter of Colonel Davis, and knew nothing of her real parentage. She grew up beautiful, charming and highly accomplished.

In her early bloom she met and loved William Wallace Whitney. Her guardian forbade any correspondence with the young man. He had other views for his lovely ward. Myra learned from some of his disclosures, what she had not before suspected, that she was not his child.

in Wallace was constituted for including the form of the second of the second form of the crulties of all kinds. Her case—the most famous one in the world, of which a woman was the moving spirit—was commenced some time during President Jackson's second term. It was pronounced by the Supreme Court of the United States "the most remarkable in the records of the court with interval of the court with the c

the country's jurisprudence."

Our limits do not permit even the briefest Our limits do not permit even the briefest sketch of its tortuous course through the law during its long-drawn existence. It has claimed the attention of the highest courts of the land. The decisions were numerous; a very important one in her favor being gained in 1847. Another was given in the U. S. Supreme Court in 1860. Before that the destroyed will of Clark, dated 1813, was admitted to probate, and the probate, upon appeal, sustained in the Louisiana Courts, its contents being established by the recollections of those who had heard it read by Clark.

lections of those who had heard it read by Clark.

This decision was final and conclusive. The brave lady, however, was still resisted. Her claims were confirmed in 1868; and the jurisdiction of the United States Supreme Court having been restored over appeals from Louisiana, nothing should have interfered with her entering upon the enjoyment of her own.

Mr. Whitney died in 1836. The youthful widow was left with three children, but little fortune, and few friends amid a host of enemies. The chivalrous General Gaines became warmly interested in her cause, and fascinated by her rare gifts of mind and person. She consented to become his wife. to become his wife

Years of labor and sacrifice have not lessened Years of labor and sacrine have not research this lady's energy and resolution. Rising from every partial defeat with renewed vigor, with a firm reliance on the justice of her cause, she has won a victory that commands universal admiration and sympathy.

has won a victory that commands universal admiration and sympathy.

Gen. Gaines died in 1849. His widow has continued to fight the battle alone and unwearied. Her rights are no longer questioned, but the "insolence of office" and the "law's delay" still interpose obstacles. So unscrupulous have been her foes in New Orleans that her life has been attempted more than once. The whole city is in opposition to her, for her claims cover much of its valuable ground. Some years since the city authorities appealed to the Supreme Court against a judgment came after he had gone to Washington. The correspondence had passed through Clark's business partners, and it is said they were interested in suppressing his letters, and destroying those given them by the wife, to be forwarded. At any rate, communication ceased between the separated pair. The anguish of hope deferred, and finally of a conviction that she was an outcast from her husband's love, that he was tired of her, and determined to disown her, may be imagined, but cannot be portrayed. Zulime appears to have possessed one of those soft, clinging natures that must

ed her rights beyond dispute, and must eventually triumph in the details, if her life is spared

long enough.

She is a woman of youthful appearance, and is still beautiful. Her brown curls shade a brow on which time has planted no wrinkle, and her dark eyes sparkle with vivacity, and kindle a corresponding enthusiasm in all who converse with her. She has a cheery, joyous laugh, and a silvery, musical voice, with eloquence and piquant wit. A story from her lips is listened to with fascinated attention; so glowing is her style, so penetrating her humor, so easy her flow of language. She has more than once pleaded her own case, and once, it is said, spoke over two hours to a jury, and gained her case. She understands the law, and has mastered details as well as principles.

pleaded her own case, and once, it is said, spoke over two hours to a jury, and gained her case. She understands the law, and has mastered details as well as principles.

At a party in Washington, an old gentleman, fond of reminiscences, remarked, while he looked at her, "Thirty-five years ago I danced with that lady, and she looks no older now than she did then." She has a slender, girlish form, though rounded well, and a delicate complexion many in youth might covet. At a ball she was once requested to "advance" that she might be presented to the British Ambassador. "Advance?" she responded; "certainly not; it is Lord N.'s place to come to a lady, if an introduction is to take place." "But he represents the royalty of Great Britain," pleaded the gentleman. "Indeed!" said the spirited lady, "then let him wear Queen Victoria's skirts, and I will advance to him with pleasure."

During the civil war Mrs. Gaines was suspected of favoring the rebel cause, and the Secretary of War gave orders that she should be conducted by a military force to the first house beyond the outposts, in Virginia, and left there. She and her daughter were accordingly taken to that dreary place, and were forbidden to return. They had but five or six dollars between them, though accused of having "raised and equipped a regiment for Jeff Davis;" they had not even an umbrella to protect them from the rain, and they had no fire in their room during the months of their enforced stay. They even suffered from hunger as well as cold. At length the daughter, with her little stock of money, made her way to Washington, to represent to the authorities the ludicrous absurdity of the accusation, and to solicit a repeal of the sentence of banishment. Shortly after, the miserable house in which Mrs. Gaines had a so-called shelter was entered by thirty soldiers in full uniform. The officer demanded to see the lady. He then recounted the various points of the charges against her. One was that she had furnished a hundred thousand dollars in aid of the rebel self describe all this with such humor and satire that the dignitaries of Washington might well have dreaded the wit of her narration, and the ridicule it cast upon them, more than any par-tisanship with their foes which a woman could

manifest.

Once, walking in Washington, Mrs. Gaines met a female doctor in the masculine costume worn by some advocates of "woman's rights." Stopping in front of her, the lady reproved the doctress, and desired her, for shame's sake, to resume the garments of her sex. Her sensible remarks were echoed with sympathy by the crowd that soon gathered about them, and were reported in the newspapers. manifest.

crowd that soon gathered about them, and were reported in the newspapers.

Mrs. Gaines has "troops of friends" in the North, who always welcome her coming; but she spends most of her time in New Orleans. There she has still opposition to overcome, in claiming possession of what the law has declared to be her own. She has offered the most liberal compromises. It is to be hoped that complete success will soon place in her hands the full control of her vast wealth; for the principles of justice, and her generous heart, will prompt her to make the best use of the gift.

She had known Berue Averin hearly two years now, only, so quickly had the happy time sped by, that it seemed to Nellie that it was only yesterday that a party of ladies and gen-tlemen, friends of the proprietor of the immense silk-mills had been escorted through the huge silk-mills had been escorted through the high apartments, and that one of the gentlemen, the handsomest and best of them all, had looked very intently and admiringly at her, making her pearl-fair cheeks flush, and her modest sweet blue eyes hide beneath their fringed lids—making her dimpled hands tremble so she could hardly hold her shuttle.

could hardly hold her shuttle.

And then, the very next day, the gentleman came to the weaving-room again, this time with only the big, red-faced, pompous old gentleman who was sole owner and proprietor of the "Cameron Mills"—and looked at her again, admiringly and respectfully, and then—introduced himself when a favorable opportunity offered, while Mr. Cameron was giving some directions to some one.

to some one.
"I beg you will pardon what may appear an unwarrantable liberty, Miss Armitage, but I would be pleased and honored to make your acquaintance. I am Bertie Averill, visiting my elatives, the Camerons."

Nellie listened in surprise and confused agita-

He knew her name; he was so handsom —and beauty does so appeal to a woman's heart; he was courteous and respectful, and looked the gentleman—every inch of him.

And Nellie had bowed with a pretty gravity,

and gravely listened to two or three pleasant remarks—and that was the had come across her gentleman lover, this little mill-girl who was as different from the general-ity of her class as a violet differs from a Gradually hers and Bertie Averill's friend-

Gradually hers and Bertie Averill's friend-ship grew into love; and at the time when Nel-lie stood at the trysting place, that lovely win-ter night, looking very fair and pretty in her neat sacque and blue-winged gray felt hat, it had come to be a pretty well understood thing between them that they were all-and-in-all to each other, although no formal engagement had been made.

each other, although no formal engagement had been made.

But to-night—Nellie had, for the first time, been first to the tryst. She had waited nearly an hour, and he was not come, and just as the clock in the church-steeple across the Anderson street bridge boomed out nine o'clock, and Nellie, heartsick and mystified at his non-appearance, was starting for home, she heard a little well-bred laugh from a passing carriage, and caught a glimpse—just a glimpse—of the face of one of the aristocratic, beautiful daughters of Mr. Benjamin Cameron, the great, immensely-wealthy mill-owner, and—and—Bertie Averill beside her, looking contented and happy as though there were no such things as misery and disappointment in the world

Then the clarence rolled on, the silver-mounted harness of the spirited team glittering in the brilliant star-shine.

And coming toward her, across the bridge, and stopping to speak to her, just a little surprisedly, Charley Grey, whom she had known all her life, it seemed—good, kind, plain Charley, who was foreman at the mills over her de-

"Poor child!—Nellie, do you think I cannot see all your heart in your blue eyes? Haven't I watched you this year or more? Nellie, let him go! I don't believe he cares for you—and I do, Nellie! I have loved you so long, and I know, almost to a certainty, that Mr. Averill is to marry his cousin—Miss Blanche Cameron!"

A little cold horror of pain and anguish overflowed her heart. Yes, it was natural and convenient that he should marry his cousin—what was she, a mill-girl, compared to Miss Cameron, with her diamonds and laces, her silks and velvets?

But—
Her face was gentle for all the pain at her heart as she looked in Charley Grey's eyes.

"Oh—I can't—I can't! You are so good, so good to me, but—I do love him, and I never can love anybody else!"

And she walked away, abruptly, in the starlighted dusk, taking her heartache with her.

"I must never never see him again! He

lighted dusk, taking her heartache with her.

"I must never, never see him again! He couldn't love me—how could he—when he knows such beautiful, elegant ladies? Charley is right; it isn't natural that Bertie should want me when he can get some one so much better. No, I must never see him again!"

And Nellie thought her pitiful thoughts as she walked wearily home, all her happy young life suddenly transformed into the gray gloom of misery and hopelessness. And while she was walking home, the shining wheels of the Cameron carriage had stopped at the door of the imposing Cameron residence, and Mr. Averill and Blanche Cameron had gone into the brilliant parlor.

parlor.

A pretty dark-eyed girl came laughingly forward to meet them—Vivienne Cameron.

"Bertie was right for once in his life," she said, glancing at him. "He insisted, before he went to the depot to escort you home, that your train would not be in until nearly nine. Do tell me. Blanche have you got everything on my me, Blanche, have you got everything on my list, especially the chenille fringe? And the pink-satin-lined ribbon, and the— Don't be in such a hurry to go, Bertie! I promise you I will not gossip very long about my purchases."

For Mr. Averill had taken out his watch and was looking anyiously at it.

was looking anxiously at it.

"I shall have to go, Vivienne. I have an important engagement, one I cannot break."

Blanche laughed sarcastically.

"Or one you are particularly anxious not to break? Honest confession is good for the soul—own up, Bertie, it's that bold little mill-hand again."

Mr. Averill looked her straight in her eyes,

Mr. Averill looked her straight in her eyes, his face grave and stern.

"If you mean Nellie Armitage, as sweet and modest a girl as ever lived, it is she with whom I have an engagement."

Blanche smiled meaningly. She looked at Vivienne, and then they both looked at Bertie.

"Oh, well," at last Blanche said, "of course, if you will persist in your unaccountable infatuation..."

She left her sentence unfinished, in a meaning

way.

"If I persist, what then, Blanche?"
He asked it gravely. Vivienne came to the rescue, in her good-natured, positive way:
"Do tell him, Blanche! No? Then I will, for it's no secret, and I do hate to see Bertie imposed upon. Bert, that little Armitage girl is the most deceitful little wretch in the world. There—you needn't frown at me—for I have it on good authority, the very best authority, that she is engaged to Charley Grey, the foreman in the weaving-room, and she has said that if you proposed she would throw him over at a moment's notice, and that in case you didn't she still had him to fall back on."

Mr. Averill's face was impassive in its grave steadiness as he listened, looking quietly at the pretty, eager-faced girl who spoke, the girl or whose sister he knew would accept an offer of marriage from him without a moment's deliberation.

ful, pretty little thing she was!"

Ah! The confirming words went like a swordthrust through his heart. Could it be true,
could it possibly be true that Nellie, sweet, demure, loving little Nellie was such a deceitful,
treacherous woman?

And, twenty minutes after Nellie had gone
down the same street, he trod the same stones,
feeling that a great happiness had gone out of
his life, feeling that an almost visible darkness
encompassed him.

And on the next day, when Mr. Cameron

encompassed him.

And on the next day, when Mr. Cameron asked him if he knew where he could find a responsible party to perform a certain important commission in Europe, he offered to do it taint commission in Europe, he offered to do it himself; and a week later, without a word to poor, woeful little Nell, he sailed—sailed away for long months, a large portion of which the Camerons were also abroad, and Nellie natu-

Camerons were also abroad, and Nellie naturally enough supposed, with him.

And the long working-days passed monotonously away, summer and autumn and winter and spring, and summer again, and Nellie was bravely striving to forget, and Charley Grey was kind, and thoughtful, and patient, biding his time—the time Nellie thought would never

Only he was so touchingly patient and unostentatious in his devotion to her that, one day when for the first time in months he broached the subject again, her heart ached so for him and his patience that she promised him, if ever she could possibly bring herself to give him the poor re-ward for his kindness that he wanted, and had so patiently awaited, she would do it.
And at the glad hope and great joy that looked out from his eyes, her own heart sunk, for

she knew that, even if she married him, she never could give him the love he deserved.

"For I never can forget Bertie—never! I never can love any one else—then ought I to let never can love any one else—then ought I to let Charley take me or not? What is right for me

to do

And Charley, when she told him for the ninety and ninth time just exactly how she felt, told her how good and true and kind and careful of her he would be, and how her smallest regard for him was more precious to him than any other woman's warmest love.

Then—after two years—Nellie married him. Married him with honest, pure determination to be good and true—married him quietly and calmly, and walked out of the little chapel on his arm, wondering how it had ever come to

his arm, wondering how it had ever come to pass—walked out of the door to see, standing on the sidewalk, Bertie Averill!

He went up to her instantly.
"Let me be the first to congratulate you, Mrs. Grev

And he shook her hand cordially, manfully hiding his own hurt from her sight; for he had come from abroad to seek her—and he found

And Nellie, believing him careless and almost cruel in his congratulations, gave no sign of her sudden thrilling pain at sight of him; and held up her head proudly and clung closely to her husband's arm as she accepted Bertie Averill's

good wishes.

So, mistaken in each other, both nobly concealing their true feelings, they met and parted —forever. He, just a little grieved and disappointed—for a while—and then, he married Blanche Cameron and was fairly happy. While she—that meeting at the church door was the she—that meeting at the church door was the best thing that could have happened her; for the thought of what she honestly believed his unkind boldness and only half-hidden sarcasm, helped to destroy her remembrances of him— and she was a truer, fonder wife for it than she had ever thought she could be.

And average happiness was hers; and, all-in-all, she never actually regretted it.

Only, it might all have so easily been so dif-

TEMPT ME NOT!

BY FREDERICK C. KURZ.

When I see a winsome smiling
Face quite near mine, just like this,
And two lips that look so roguish,
That seem asking for a kiss;
Would you think it wrong, my darling,
Drew I that face nearer still,
And did kiss those lips so reguish
Ev'n against the owner's will?

Would you chide me, or get angry?
Would you in a passion fly?
Would you smile, or would you gently
Box my ears, or would you cry?
Should you chide me, I'd reproved be,
Or be penitent, I may;
Should you cry, 'twould be my duty,
For to kiss the tears away.

Yet I know you'll not be crying,
Nor be angry, love, with me;
'Tis your fault, and your fault only;
You ought not so pretty be!
You must not, must not be smiling,
For to me it would give pain—
If I found once not sufficient,
You I'd have to kiss again.

Madcap,

The Little Quakeress;

THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOING. A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HAUNTED BOUDOIR EVERYTHING prospered with soft little Myra. She was rich, she was courted, she was soon to be married to the man she coveted, she had everything her own way—yet she was sorely persecuted, and in a manner and through an in-strument against which she could make no de-

fense.

That intrusive but invisible thing which called itself the spirit of her dead uncle never left her in perfect peace.

It followed her about, laughing, sneering, taunting, threatening—but it never spoke to her in the presence of others, with the exception of her lover. When those two were alone together the ghostly voice took its greatest liberties.

Of course John laughed off its threats and

together the ghostly voice took its greatest inverties.

Of course John laughed off its threats and ridiculed the timidity of his ladylove; but Myra could not consider this unseen tormentor in the light of an amusement. Every day she grew thinner and paler, and her great blue eyes wore a startled look. Weeks had glided on until the March sun was shining out between swift-moving white clouds; and Myra felt that—six months having now passed since her uncle's death—she could make no longer sacrifices to appearances. She had always been nervous, and now fear was making life a burden to her. Indeed, she did suffer strange experiences every day. She tried bravely not to betray alarm before the servants; but they got a hint that there was something wrong about the house—that it was haunted—and she was frequently changing, since, as soon as one of these ignorant creatures got the notion in his or her head, warning was immediately given.

lignorant creatures got the notion in his or her head, warning was immediately given.

During this period her French maid, Lizette, was a great comfort to her. The girl declared herself willing to face any number of ghosts; and when her young mistress could not sleep at night for fear, she would keep herself awake for hours, brushing Myra's long, light hair, or patting her hands, or telling her funny little French stories, until she was coaxed into slumber.

If it had not been for Lizette the heiress would If it had not been for Lizette the heiress would have found her experience insupportable.

"I shall sell this house, Lizette," said Myra, one day, "as soon after I am married as possible. I will not stay in it an hour after the wedding. The day is fixed for that—the tenth of April. I was glad enough to have Mr. Garwell urge me to shorten the time of our engagement, for I am worn out with this thing. I am afraid I shall make a weebegone bride, with these pale cheeks and this thin figure, to say nothing of these shadows under my eyes," and she looked at herself in the long mirror with some discontent. "But, Lizette, I have decided to be married in white, and to have no mournshe looked at herself in the long mirror with some discontent. "But, Lizette, I have decided to be married in white, and to have no mourning in my new dresses. It would bring me ill-luck to have my trousseau made up in mourning—don't you think so? I chose my wedding—dress yesterday, and it is now in the hands of Madame W——, who will do it justice, I think; there was not time to give the order in Paris. The front will be of pearl satin, and the train of ivory brocade, with oceans of Venetian point for trimmings." As the bride-expectant ran on with her description she crossed the chamber and entered the little dressing-room out of it.

No sooner had she gone in than she gave a sharp scream:

sharp scream:
"What is it?" cried Lizette, running to her.
Her mistress was trembling and almost in

Look, look, Lizette. The water in the basin has turned to blood!" and she pointed to the basin into which she had no more than immersed the tips of her fingers than it had changed, before her very eyes, to a deep red which certainly looked like blood.

As the two looked at it, the chestly voice

As the two looked at it the ghostly voice, which had never spoken before Lizette until then, floated over their heads:

"Thou, Myra, hast crushed thy cousin's heart and stolen thy cousin's portion—wash, therefore, in blood."

Hearing these forests.

fore, in blood."

Hearing these fearful words, Myra threw up her hands and would have fallen to the floor had not the maid caught her in her arms, and sprinkled her face with water from the faucet—not the red water in the bowl.

"Lizette, I wish it were the tenth of April today," moaned her young mistress, as she came out of the faint; "this thing is dreadful."

"What did the spirit mean by saying—" here the girl hesitated.

the girl hesitated.
"That I 'had stolen my cousin's portion."

"That I 'had stolen my cousin's portion.' A vile slander, Lizette, no matter who or what proclaimed it. All that I have was left me by my uncle—nobody ever sought to contest the will. Why should I give up what is mine?"

"For the sake of thy own peace of mind."

Again that haunting, invisible tormentor!

"Ah, I would rather be as poor and dependent as I was before than to lead this life any longer! Lizette, take me out of this room. It is only here, or in the boudoir below, that I hear that voice. Come—come!"

that voice. Come—come!"
"Cast off that gambler who does not love thee
—return to thy cousin that of which thou hast
robbed her—and thou shalt be happy."

deep for her.

"You go bring me my dress and jewel-casket,
Lizette; it is time to dress for dinner. I will
not put my foot in that chamber again, if I can
help it."

While Lizette was assisting at the elaborate
While Lizette was assisting at the elaborate
The property of the state of the country. Now, I've given up that will of
Doma Marie's to this young lady for the sum
dear, young gentleman, do you? Consider, she
never would have known about it! For the
meaning the state of the
country. Now, I've given up that will of
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will be to the total to the total to the total to total t "'Tell her Olive, and she will comprehend,'
was the message she sent, miss," said the serv-

muttered to herself.

Lizette clasped the necklace about her white neck, pinned the scintillating butterfly in her fair hair, gave her her fan and handkerchief, and Myra, with a beating heart and a flush growing in her cheeks, went down to meet this visitor, to whom she always gave a private audience.

The woman had gone according to the result of the science of t

ence.

The woman had gone, according to her former custom, to the boudoir; and there Myra followed her, not liking the room, but yet not afraid to occupy it with another.

A long interview followed, and then the Cuban went away. When she was gone Myra came up-stairs to the room in which Lizette sat sewing; and the girl, glancing up, saw that her cheeks were as red as roses and her eyes bright as stars, while a strange excitement seemed to as stars, while a strange excitement seemed to possess her which prevented her sitting down

or resting one minute or resting one minute.

Presently it grew dark, but she still walked restlestlesly about, until, pausing at the window, she cried to herself, "There's John." and ran down to meet him.

John came to dinner every evening. There was rarely other company, except a "companion"—a quiet, deaf lady, who could hear nothing unless it was shouted at her, and who had been engaged to play propriety by the young

hostess.

When the dinner on this particular evening had been discussed the lovers retired to the drawing-room while the companion took her crocheting to the library across the hall. Myra was anxious to be alone with John, for she had something to tell him which she had often longed to do, but had not had the liberty until now—something which she knew would be sure to put him in high spirits.

As they began, after a habit of theirs, to walk

As they began, after a habit of theirs, to walk

up and down, arm-in-arm, John, when he came to the boudoir-door, opened that and extended the field of their promenade.

"You are a little afraid of this pretty room, I believe, fairy; but we will take it in the course of our exercise—I like plenty of space, you see.

Now little one what is it you have to tell me Now, little one, what is it you have to tell me

"I shall speak in a whisper, John dear, for the certain that these walls have ears whether any others ever had or not. Well, the Cuban woman, Olive, is back here. I had a long talk with her to day." with her to-day."
"Indeed! What new revelation did she

He spoke with restrained eagerness "She fully confirmed a statement she made me when she was here before. I have not spoken of it to you because I was not certain that I of it to you because I was not certain that I to you because I was not certain that I to you because I was not certain that I to you because I was not certain that I to you because I was not certain that I to you because I was not entirely trust her. She is almost time for her now; and she will explain to you, at my request, all that she has explained to me. I thought you would understand and enjoy it more from her lips. She is a strange creature; she has done things not quite right; but since they all accrue to our advantage, John, why should we quarrel with here. Now, in the days of her adversity, she used these resources not only to earn money to pay for her humble living, but as a pleasant way of the pressure of the pres

"I never quarrel with my bread-and-butter," remarked John Garwell, with an unpleasant smile. "I shall not find fault with this person, if she brings us good news,"
"She does—magnificent news! There she is,

now!" as a voice was heard in the hall with the Shutting of a door.

Olive, the Cuban, walked straight into the boudoir, although the footman had made an ef-

boudoir, although the footman had made an effort to show her into the drawing-room.

"It is better she should remain there, in case of our being interrupted," said John, and the two went in and closed the doors.

John was conscious of a pair of piercing eyes which made him strangely uneasy, they seemed to look so keenly into his very heart—and John's heart was one which could not bear close inspection. He saw a woman who must once have been very handsome; the brilliancy of her eyes was remarkable; and her dark smooth skin must once have boasted rich tints. Her figure was still tall and fine, and she bore herself with a certain majesty which conveyed an idea of

certain majesty which conveyed an idea of Garwell spoke to her with sufficient deference, for he had too much cunning not to wish to

please her.

"I have sold my information to this lady," she said to him, after some preliminary conversation, "for a sum which will answer my purposes for a long time. At her request I will give you a few leading facts, so that you may see just how she stands in this matter of property. She is like to have told you what I told her on our first interview, and which explains Cyrill Wainwright's will. That will was made after a visit I paid him not long before he died. To be as brief as possible, the lady he married had a sister, who had fancied that he was in love with her; and when she found that it was her younger sister, she cherished in her bosom a fury of jealousy. She married a man she didn't like, to be the less suspected in her real feelings. She could not live unless she could be revenged. Well, Mrs. Cyrill Wainwright had a son, and the child died. I shall not tell you how. Afterward she had a daughter; and as I gave birth to a daughter, also, on the previous night—though it was pretended at first to be a boy and not to have come till afterward, for sartain reasons—and I was bribed, for a large sum, by Donna Marie, the jealous sister, to put my child in the place of the little heiress, and take hers to be brought up in a low condition, as my child would be likely to be brung up. I did it—I exchanged the children.

"Well, after a few years, the true child of please her.
"I have sold my information to this lady,"

would be likely to be brung up. I did it—I exchanged the children.

"Well, after a few years, the true child of Cyrill Wainwright died, and I kept still, and said nothing. He had then been gone from Cuba for three years. I let things go on, and Donna Marie always made me presents and paid me well. But I wanted to have my revenge, too—fur to tell you the truth, I was in love with the gentleman, too, before he was married, and showed my fondness for him, plain enough; but he scolded me fur it, and told me I wasn't a good girl to act so, and so I was dreadfully angry with him—for we Southern women have just awful tempers, and that's the truth.

have just awful tempers, and that's the truth.
"So, when his child, that wasn't his at all, "So, when his child, that wasn't his at all, growed up to be a fine young lady, I came on to see her, though I didn't care much for her, after all that time—and to have my revenge by telling him he'd brought up my daughter."

Here she stopped to laugh, and John patted his hands softly together, and laughed, too.

"A good joke! By George, a splendid joke!"
he murmured.

"Never!" exclaimed Myra, excitedly, at last roused to the desperation of retorting on this ghostly adviser. "That girl is no cousm of mine—in her blood is the taint of slavery, and the Wainwright money shall never go to a creature whose veins run impure streams."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the ghost, derisively.

"Come, Lizette, come away!" and the misters dragged the maid after her.

"What do you think of this?" she asked, when they had shut themselves in the chamber, across the corridor.

"Mademoiselle," answered the French girl, "Je le pense tres mysterieux." "Mademoiselle," answered the French girl,
"Je to pense tree mysterieux."
"But Mr. Garwell says it is all trickery."
"Is there any one in your household who could or would be guilty of it, mademoiselle?"
"Ah, there it is, Lizette! Nearly all the servants in the house have been changed since this thing began; besides, who is there knows the secrets of our family?"

The French girl, and give it to Cyrill Wainwright. I did give it to him that day, but he threw it in my face, and so I picked it up again and took it away. It was a handsome fortune to leave, I can tell you, sir," looking keenly at young Garwell, with a subtle smile. "A handsome fortune!—fur Donna Marie's husband had died first and left her all; and Mr. Yosedo and his other daughter were dead; so that she had their portions as well as her own—altogether. I'm nosi-The French girl shook her pretty head and looked puzzled; evidently the matter was too

> Donna's husband's relatives think there was no will made; and a dozen of them have divided up the property between them. This young lady here is the real heir. All you have to do is to extend your wedding trip to Cuba, pro-duce the will, and take possession of your estates

The Cuban looked up in alarm and surprise. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the haunting voice What was that?" asked Olive, turning pale. Nothing-nothing," murmured Myra, also

sing color.
"Come in the drawing-room," said John "some of the servants are amusing themselve Myra, you should be more strict with them-

but you are young and indulgent."
But before they left the room the voice arrested them:
"Woman, thou hast lied. Of what avail are falsehoods in the auful presence of the disembodied soul? I, Cyrill Wainwright, charge thee with thy lies. Ay! tremble—quake to the bottom of thy guilty heart! There is a power at work which shall overthrow thee and thy revenge. Hidden things shall come to light. Beware lest thou die without confession. Let the

venge. Hidden things shall come to light. Beware, lest thou die without confession. Let the priest shrive thee while there is yet time. And ye, cruel ones, who would wrong the innocent, your triumph shall be brief!"

"Oh, Jesu! Oh, Mary, Mother of God!" murmured the Cuban, looking wildly about her.

"Come in here!" repeated Garwell, dragging her out of the haunted boudoir. "This is all deuced nonsense! "If I could find out the author of it, I'd take it out of his hide. Don't mind it. Olive! It is only a joke!"

mind it, Olive! It is only a joke!"

But he was a little shaken himself; and the woman would not remain a moment longer in the house, but went away, crossing herself and

CHAPTER XV.

WAS IT LOVE?

A GREAT dread, in those days, was ever present in Ethel's mind, and that dread was that her mother might take a fancy to make her acquaintance—perhaps claim from her the duties and service of a daughter.

In view of such a possibility, her present life appeared to be a heaven of calm security. She was not unhappy—aside from this horrible fear which often paled her cheeks.

which often paled her cheeks.

Mr. Wainwright always had been fondly proud of Ethel's mental superiority to many girls in her circle. Petted, flattered, beautiful, it would hardly have been strange if she had given herself unreservedly to society; but it had never been so with Ethel. She had resources

spending the days no longer besieged by throngs of idle flatterers. Her health was splendid. Just to walk abroad in the fresh morning air was a delight; she would come in with el

was a delight; she would come in with elastic step and sparkling eyes—put away her simple hat, trimmed with a wreath of daisies manufactured by her skillfulfingers—and sit down to her lovely flower-painting, or that almost as exquisite needle-painting in which she excelled, and for which she had quite a market.

One of these pieces of embroidery she intended to have exhibited as a work of art at the May exhibition at the Academy. It represented the "blessed damozel" of Rosetti's poetry, leaning from heaven, and so delicately were her silken flosses shaded, and so artistic was the design—made by herself—that it was truly a picture.

e no longer wept in secret over the basenes John Garwell; in place of tears came a song gladness because she had escaped a life with m—she wondered now how she could have en so deceived, and shuddered over the idea

been so deceived, and shuddered over the idea that she might have opened her eyes too late. Ethel turned from men, now; she did not look forward to marriage, but calmly planned to fill her days with work, which suited her tastes and abilities. To be able to hire a good piano for her room, and to buy all the new books and magazines she wanted, was the present hight of her ambition. Her room in that small cottage was somewhat bare and low; but she had a little bedroom opening out of it, and, week by week, as she could spare the time, she decorated the chamber with her own drawings. The company of her old-time nursery-governess at meals was formal and meager, but not coarse; the two children were nice little creatures who looked up to her as something glorious, good and ed up to her as something glerious, good and wonderful; and this was nearly all the society she had. One or two of her old mates she al-lowed to visit her. Sometimes Mr. Dobell drop-ped in for an hour. Not an exciting life by any

Mr. Evelyn was again in Cuba on her affairs.

Mr. Evelyn was again in Cuba on her affairs. The only tolerably regular caller she had was the young cadet, Bertram Leigh.

And how he came to be a frequent caller she hardly understood. Mr. Evelyn had told her about this young fellow's search for parents, and this, alone, had deeply enlisted her sympathies; then he had gone on further to say that Coralie Clyde had run away on account of this handsome cadet—that they had become lovers in consequence of Leigh saving her life at the peril of his own; so she had fancied she should like to know him; and Evelyn had brought and introduced the youth before he (Evelyn) departed on ced the youth before he (Evelyn) departed on a second mission to Cuba.

Did the young lawyer not reflect that it might seriously endanger his own cause to do this? Whether he did or not he made no excuses, but ought Bertram to see her the evening before

And the cadet had been charmed by the beau-And the cadet had been charmed by the beautiful girl, so noble and so cheerful in her new sphere. He came often and often, so that the children learned to peep out of their mother's sitting-room and speak to him when they heard his peculiar ring. Their grave mother, too, began to smile, and have thoughts to herself about the frequency of his visits, and to hope, for Miss Ethel's sake, that her suspicions would prove correct. correct

As for Ethel, if the gallant young gentleman lmired her, she returned the admiration without reserve

he was extremely handsome; he was interesting, inasmuch as he was a youth without name or family; he had engaging manners; was full of chivalry, spirit and ambition.

His bright face and sunny hair ornamented Ethel's 'den' as none other of her pictures did. She fell into the habit of looking for him. If he did not come for two or three days, she missed him more than she would like to confess.

Evelyn, soberly and faithfully working in her Evelyn, soberly and faithfully working in her cause, would have felt a pang strike to his heart like a knife, could he have looked through space and beheld the two together, so gay, so

"I'm getting to be immensely fond of you, Miss Ethel," the cadet declared to her once, after

month's acquaintance.
"Have a care, sir!" she cried, merrily. "Re member what the news is about Coralie!"

"Ay! The dove-colored ladies did not want me to get hold of that—did they!" and he laughed merrily. "How did you happen to hear about the letter, Miss Ethel?"

Oh, a little bird told me!"

'Thanks to the little bird, then! Only two weeks more to the fifteenth of April! What a witch Coralie is, isn't she? You are better than which Coralie is, isn't she? You are better than she, in many respects—you have more—dignity."
"I am older, lieutenant—remember that!"
"Don't lieutenant me yet awhile, please! But I dare say you know I'm bound to be an ad-

miral, some day Certainly; I shall be disappointed if you are Do you take so much interest in me, then?"

"More than I have ever taken in any young gentleman before!"
"I can't tell you how happy that makes me," said Bertram, bowing elaborately over her hand, which he had seized, and kissing it.
"How did you and Coralie get so deeply in love so con?"

love so soon?"

"Oh, it don't take long! It's like falling in water. You go in, head and ears, all at once."

"Indeed! Is the sensation pleasant?"

"First there is a murmur in your ears—you feel suffocated—and then you float about deliciously, as if you were swimming on a bed of down."

'I see you understand drowning."
'Yes—I was almost gone once. That was

last summer."
"Really? how did it happen?"
"Really? how did it happen?" "Oh, a sailor was knocked overboard; and as he was stunned by the blow, he could not save himself; so I jumped in after him. He had gone down so deep, I couldn't find him, and I stayed under the water a good while. Consequences, we both had to be fished out."

"Don't do it again my dear godet."

there are the cards in that basket.

'Are you going to the wedding?"
'I may go to the church, but I shall not appear at the ho 'And on the fifteenth, my little Quakeress is

"Are you glad?"
"I don't know. That will be according to by she receives me. She may prove false, who knows-

" 'Trust her not, she is fooling theel Beware, beware!' " she is such a madcap!"
"That kind of a girl makes a splendid wife,

Mr. Leigh. If I ever marry her, we shall have to elope. Her aunts don't fancy me, you know."
"Elope, then, and I will give you my blessing—seeing neither of you have parents to do

Miss Ethel, I really do feel an uncommon ection for you!"
It is returned. Who is that ringing the

bell. I wonder?" If any one for you, I'm going."
No, sit still. I seldom have any visitor but

But, presently, a light tap on the door announced that this one was for her, at least. Ethel went to the door and opened it while the cadet stood, cap in hand, ready to take his Ah, Lizette, how do you do?" said Ethel.

warmly, as the visitor stepped into the room.
"Who the deuce is that?" thought Bertram, as, after saying good-evening, he went away with a light step. "Must be that pretty French girl Miss Ethel told me about. She was immensely pretty, too; and how full of mischief her eyes were!
"If I were not so dead in love with Coralie, I

should hardly know how to fool away the te-dious time until the fifteenth, if she were not so "kyne."
"Very well. I will do what you ask, since I

But his friend was glad he had taken himself off, this time. She had an engagement to go out with Lizette. It was still very early in the evening; and in that quiet part of the city the two girls were not afraid to go out together; so they soon started. soon started.

Lizette had something hidden under her cloak which she occasionally stole a look at, always bursting into a suppressed laugh as she did so. Ethel, on the other hand, was deeply agitated; she sometimes paused in her walk, trembled, and seemed to wish to turn back; but the French girl urged her on.
"All means are fair in love and war!" assum-

ed Lizette. (To be continued-commenced in No. 412.)

Happy Jack;

The White Chief of the Sioux. A ROMANCE OF SPORTS AND PERILS OF POST AND PLAIN. BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XIII. HAPPY JACK WRITES A LETTER Ir required fully a minute before the long-bandaged eyes of the scout grew accustomed to the red, flickering torchlight. Then, hazy, in-indistinct outlines beyond the table grew clear-r and he recognized among others the arr , and he recognized, among others, the pre-nce of Baby Tom and Ben Watson. At the same moment he noticed a stumpy pen and a small pocket inkstand upon the table, beside a lingy oblong of paper, evidently a fly-leaf torn

"Now, stranger," briskly uttered Watson, coming around the table, evidently bent on business. "I reckon you've had time enough fer thinkin' over what we spoke to you about, so we'll come to the p'int at once. Thar's pen, paper and ink, yender; you know how to handle fem, I rackon?"

"I can write, yes; whether I will or no, is quite another thing," quietly answered the pri-

"Ef you act rusty, then we must coax ye," grinned the decoy. "The boss, yender, 's powerful hefty on the coax, an' I never yit see the critter as could hold out ag'inst him very long, when he was in plum airnest."
"Cut it short, Preacher Ben," growled Baby Tom, impatiently.
"Will you write what we ax of you, or not?"

snapped the decoy. "Spit it out—yes or no!"
"You'll get nothing out of me while I am
bound. Cut these thongs and then I'll listen to what you have to propose—not unless," firmly replied Happy Jack.

watson cast an inquiring glance at Baby Tom. The giant promptly answered the unspoken question,
"Turn him loose. Ef he thinks to play any

tricks, so much the wuss for him."
Watson drew his knife and severed the thougs that confined the scout's arms and feet, and

most paralyzed. He leaned against the table chafing the benumbed members, and while thus occupied he made a discovery. The pen lying before him was thickly incrusted with rust, and he knew that it could not have been used for months, if not years. Might it not be that the outlaws were unable to write—or even to read writing? If so, there was yet a chance of fool

ing the ruffians.

His face gave no evidence of these thoughts as he drew his tall form erect and faced the

I am ready to hear what you have to say, "Tell him, Preacher Ben," growled Baby

Tom.

"You're to set down thar an' write a letter to Colonel Markham, tellin' him jest what I say. Fetch one o' them kags, Simpson. Let the gentleman take all the ease he kin."

Happy Jack accepted the proffered seat and cleaned the pen from rust as well as he was able, but his brain was busier than his fingers. If he could only discover whether any of the outlaws were able to read!

"Ef it takes you as long to write as it does to git ready, we'd better fetch in a mule-load o' grub!" grumbled Baby Tom, in a tone of dis-

gust.

"I was thinking whether it was worth my while to write at all," coolly replied the scout.

"If I do, I cannot go back to the fort—they would kick me out for a coward, even if they didn't accuse me of being in league with you fellows. Now what can you offer me to make up for this?"

"We'll give you back your weepons an' set you free. Isn't that enough?"

you free. Isn't that enough?"

"There's still another way. Write the letter among yourselves, and then I needn't be brought forward at all, save as a prisoner. Agree to this and, poor scout as I am, I'll give you one hundred dollars the day I'm set free."

"Can't be did, stranger, and I'll tell ye why," quickly uttered Watson. "Fust, your handwrite 'll be knowed at the fort. They'll know what you say kin be 'pended on, an' a letter from you'll have more 'fluence thar then ef any o' us, strangers, 'd writ it. Ef you say so, o' us, strangers, 'd writ it. Ef you say so they'll know that the lady hain't bin abused no mistreated, only tuck captive fer ransom, which they wouldn't believe so soon, ef 'twas any-body else's fist. An' then—they ain't one o' us fellers as kin even write his own name, let

alone stringin' together a hull letter."

Happy Jack's hopes sunk as Watson spoke, though the words themselves would seem to and down so deep, I couldn't find find, and I wayed under the water a good while. Consevences, we both had to be fished out."

"Don't do it again, my dear cadet!"

"I won't—unless there is similar need. Let be see, this is the third of April?"

"Yes, and Myra is to be married on the tenth; ever are the eards in that basket."

"I couldn't find find, and I hough the words themserves wound seem to set my long the had wished. But, contrary as it may sound, the scout would have been far better pleased had watson declared that every man of them could both read and write. He knew that the decoy was no fool; the part he had played during the past night was enough to stamp him as ing the past night was enough to stamp him as a shrewd, clear-witted rascal, far too cunning to place a dangerous weapon in the hands of the tool he meant to use, unless he held a more

powerful one in his own hand.

He felt almost certain that one at least was present who was intended to read the message

when written, to satisfy the outlaws that all was as they wished.

These reflections passed through the scout's mind with wonderful rapidity, but his delay in answering was long enough to draw forth a growl of impatience from Baby Tom. In another memory his resolve was taken.

ther moment his resolve was taken.

"There's one point still that I cannot understand. You must know that I can have but little love for you. A man is not made a fool of, knocked down and tied up as you have served me for nothing, and if he has any blood left in his veins at all, he is going to watch for a chance to get even. Now you say that none of you can either read or write. What is to hinder me from giving the colonal pain directions for find. from giving the colonel plain directions for find-ing this place, with your numbers, and any other information that would be likely to be of service, instead of writing what you bid

"I knowed you'd think o' that," laughed Watson. "But we've fixed it all right. You'll be kept a close pris'ner ontel after we've got the money safe in our hands. We'll send the letter money safe in our hands. We'll send the letter by a sure hand, an' ef he doesn't come back, safe an' sound, inside o' two days, we'll jest lift your skulp an' putt out with the gal, holdin' her a reasonable time fer ransom, which ef it don't come, then we've agreed Baby Tom thar shell have her fer a squaw. Now, jest take a fool's advice, stranger Give over any retire your advice, stranger. Give over any notion you may hev of playin' bugs onto us, fer it won't work, an' 'll only be wuss fer you an' the lady. "If I were not so dead in love with Coralie, I hould almost imagine myself smitten by this chel!" he confessed, as he walked briskly on. What a sweet, lovely, gtorious girl she is! I hould hardly know how to fool away the telous time until the fifteenth, if she were not considered.

can do no better. Tell me just exactly what you wish me to say, and I'll put it down in the best shape I can," quietly responded Happy

Jack.

"Now you show your good sense, an' we won't fergit it of ye when settlin' time comes," exclaimed Watson, approvingly. "Listen, gentlemen, an' ef I miss any o' the p'ints, why you kin set me right. Fust, tell the old man how you got away from the red-skins, but putt it short. Then you went into camp, an' was surrounded by a wheen o' Crows. We come along an' run them away, reskin' our skulps a-doin' of an' run them away, reskin' our skulps a doin' of it. We're perty hard up, an' think what we done was wuth say five thousan' dollars. We've tuck sech a fancy to you an' the lady that we've 'cluded to keep you as comp'ny ontel the money's paid. Ef the old man thinks what we did is wath the money, he kin say so, an' the gentle-man as brings him this letter 'll make all the 'rangements fer the swap. Bf he don't—waal, I reckon he'll hev to hunt up another da'ter, fer he'll never lay two eyes on this 'un ag'in. Thar!" and Watson drew a long breath of relief

and satisfaction at having safely delivered himself. "I reckon that's about the thing. Ef any o' you kin think o' any 'mendments, don't be bashful, but spit 'em right out!"

The company seemen to consider that all had been said that was necessary, and then Watson ordered the prisoner to transcribe his words. ordered the prisoner to transcribe his words.

"Putt it down in your own way, but mind an' don't say any more'n what I told you," he

Without a word, his face betraying nothing of the real anxiety that filled his mind, Happy Jack wrote Colonel Markham's name at the top of the paper, then adding:

of the paper, then adding:

"After a long chase, I succeeded in rescuing Miss Markham from the six Sloux who were sent in pursuit of her yesterday. The chase lasted until sunset—forty miles or more, and her horse was too laded to travel further. We went into campbeside the spring, near the mouth of Crooked Valley. In the night three white men visited us, and said Indians were lurking around, and induced us to set off for their camp, where we would be safe. We were there taken prisoners, by fourteen men, led by one Baby Tom. They demand five thousand dollars as ransom for Miss Markham. They threaten my life if I say any thing of their force or location, but in hopes that none of them can read, I am running the risk. Detain the bearer of this. Put thirty men under command of Bill Comstock. Let him follow our trail from the mouth of Crooked Valley; or, better still, pass up the valley for nearly three miles, when he will find upon the left hand a small plateau, where he can see traces of the encampment of last night. The horse-trail leading from that spot will be easily followed. I was blind-folded, and hence am unable to descrite our course. I believe we are now in some sort of a cave. You will cot have, at most, more than twenty men to deal with. As yet Miss Markham has been fairly treated, but black threats are made if you fail to ransom her."

To this Happy Jack signed his name, then

To this Happy Jack signed his name, then pushed the paper over to Watson. That was a moment of horrible suspense, when the decoy peered keenly at the well-filled page, and the scout felt that his life trembled in the balance. But then Watson passed the paper over to Baby Tom, who, after eying the words owlishly for a ment, spoke:

shands softly together, and laughed, too.

'A good joke! By George, a splendid joke!"

Bertram's visits were like bursts of sunshine in upon the gray pleasantness of her days. He was gay; he was witty, or at least, full of fun;

Watson drew his knife and severed the thougs that confined the scout's arms and feet, and even assisted him to arise—a task of no little difficulty, for Happy Jack met the suspicious glare with an unmoved countenance, though his heart beat

fast as he found his worst misgivings were about to be realized. He had fallen into the trap so cunningly set for him, and felt that he had sacrificed his life for nothing. He made no motion, but summoning all his powers, resolved to make one desperate struggle, unarmed though he was, rather than tamely submit.

He was not kent long in grangers. Simpson

He was not kept long in suspense. Simpson on returned, accompanied by a middle-aged oman, dressed almost wholly after the style of an Indian squaw. She was of unmixed blood, though, and still bore traces of beauty, even through the deep lines imprinted by care and trouble.

and trouble. In silence she took the paper extended by Baby Tom, and glanced rapidly over it. Then, in a low, monotonous voice, she began to read. If, at first glance, Happy Jack still hoped, he was speedily undeceived, for the woman began reading, word for word, just as he had written!

CHAPTER XIV.

PRESSING THE SIEGE.

When the endeavor to save his wounded son om an awkward fall resulted so disastrously, as White Sioux saw that there was nothing left for it but retreat to await a more favorable opportunity. Flushed with their complete success thus far, he knew that the whites would fight with redoubled desperation. Knowing this, he lifted the limp form of Kenekuk in his

this, he lifted the limp form of Kenekuk in his arms, and uttering a peculiar cry, ran swiftly down the valley, followed by his surviving braves. When safe around the turn and beyond reach of the viciously-whistling bullets, the white chief gently lowered his burden to the ground, and with a face strangely anxious for one of his heartless reputation, examined the young warrior's injuries.

A pistol-bullet had plowed its way through the young brave's cheek, inflicting a wound more painful than dangerous. In addition he bore wounds in shoulder and breast, besides sundry severe bruises received in falling down the sloping rocks. Not until be had satisfied himself that these injuries; though troublesome, were not likely to endanger his son's life, did the White Sioux have thoughts for aught else. He gave a few hurried directions to his braves. They were to keep close watch upon the whites, and hold themselves in readiness for a charge, should they endeavor to improve their temporary advantage by taking to flight. Then edded should they endeavor to improve their temporary advantage by taking to flight. Then, aided by an old, battle-scarred warrior, he washed and bandaged the wounds of his son, who speedily recovered his consciousness under their

When this was accomplished, the White Sioux for the first time realized how heavy had been his loss during that brief charge and stubborn assault. Thirteen of his men had fallen, besides the scout who was slain by Comstock. And he seemed as far as ever from accomplishing his nurroses

seemed as far as ever from accomplishing his purpose.

Passing around the turn, he paused within full view of the stone fort. Leaning back against the rocks, he studied every point of the enemy's position, a dark frown corrugating his brow. But then the shade began to lessen, and a hard smile crept over his features, as he abandoned his position and returned to where the majority of his braves were awaiting.

"The white faces are laughing now, but they will weep blood before the sun is over their heads. Their retreat is a trap; we will show them how to spring it. There is danger, but danger is the food of the Sioux. Listen, and I will show my children how they can pick up the scalps of the white horse-stealers."

Into eager ears the White Sioux poured the

Into eager ears the White Sioux poured the old and dangerous plan he had formed while engaged in inspecting the stone fort. As al-ready stated the ledge upon which the whites had sought refuge, somewhat resembled the sloping cut made by a skillful woodsman in felling a tree, with an important exception. The wall of rock which formed the back did lope forward, as it rose above the ledge, but a line dropped from its outermost point would strike the shelf several feet inside of the barricade. After rising almost perpendicularly from this point for several rods the line grew broken and irregular, full of cracks and crevices as it sloped back to the summit.

The White Sioux believed he could station

marksmen upon several of these points, from which they could fire down upon the defenders of the stone fort, as long as any of them remain-ed near the barricade. Of course, by retreating to the rear wall the defenders would be safe from the enemy above, but by doing so they could no longer command the foot of the range, nor full fifty yards of the level ground. A swift charge would speedily carry the assailants with-in this line, when the whites could only fire

within range of the marksmen overhe It was a cunning plan, and only for the per-emptory command of the White Sioux would have been hailed with wild yells of satisfaction by his dusky adherents. The chief selected six braves for the enterprise, giving them a brief but clear explanation of the signals by which he would govern their movements. Their weapons were a brace of revolvers each and stout rawhide lassoes. Thus equipped the six braves ran swiftly toward the mouth of the valley until at a point where the ridge could be crossed with comparative ease and at the same time be-yond view from the pale-faces' position. Half an hour of arduous work carried them to

the crest of the ridge directly back of the stone fort, and then began the real labor, where, but for their ropes, and through confidence in each other, the enterprise must have failed. With a lasso firmly secured beneath his arms, a young Sioux led the way, crawling from point to point, where a mountain-goat could barely have stood, or lowered cautiously by the strong arms of his comrades above. When at a favorable point he would release the lasso and await the coming of a second brave, while the Sioux who brought up the rear would secure his lasso to a rock and descend by its aid, leaving the rope when it could no longer aid him. In this manner the adventurers slowly but

In this manner the adventurers slowly but surely neared the goal, guided and encouraged by the silent signals of their chief, who watched their progress from a point beyond the sight of the unsuspicious pale-faces below. An occasional glimpse of his form was indeed welcome, and without the knowledge that his approving eye was upon them it may well be doubted whether the Sioux, brave though they were, would have persisted in the attempt, so rapidly did the dangers increase. The footing grew more and more precarious, the rocks seeming frost-eaten and splintered, threatening to fall at the slightest touch, and when within a lasso's length of the points from whence alone they could hope to gain a view of those beneath, the six braves gathered together for the purpose of consultagathered together for the purpose of consulta

It was evident to all that the points of rock overhanging the ledge would not bear the weight of a man, even with the utmost caution, much less with the sudden movements he would have to use in order to avoid being picked off from the ledge after firing upon the whites. Blindly obedient to their chief though they were, it is not Indian nature to sacrifice his life without even a hope of striking a return blow. Knowing that the chief was watching them one of the braves knotted the rope around his body and was slowly lowered toward the bal-anced rocks. For a moment he hung just above them, peering keenly down, then motioned his comrades to draw him up again. Fearing to speak there, he signed for them to crawl further up, finally revealing the discovery he had made. single man, supported by a rope, in trusty ands, could easily destroy the barricade below by simply pushing over the huge masses of shattered rock, but in no other manner could the whites be molested from above, except at

The chief must at once be informed of the alteration necessarily made in the programme, so he could play his part accordingly.

The surest-footed brave volunteered to carry the tidings, and after agreeing upon certain signals by means of which he could at once inform

the cost of certain death to the adve

the five warriors of the decision, he began the from his look-out the White Sioux saw that

lence he awated the arriver of the inscended to the report. The prospect of success was even brighter than when he believed his bold plan was working to perfection.

He hastily gave his warriors their instructions, making sure that each one fully understood what was expected of him, and while they were making their preparations, he improvised a flag of truce and leaving his weapons behind boldly advanced toward the stone fort. The brief colloquy that followed has already been recorded, and the reader knows why the chief's really sincere desire to preserve the life of Kate Markham, whom he firmly believed to be upon the ledge, was baffled.

Retracing his steps, the White Chief secured his weapons and mounted his horse, after seeing that all was in readiness. Then he gave the decisive signal, and the expectant braves upon the hillside put their plans into operation. Two braves were lowered at different points, and placing their feet against the masses of loose rock selected, endeavored to topple them over. One was instantly, successful, the ponderous mass yielding to the impulse and thundering down upon the ledge, crushing two of the defenders out of all semblance of the human form, destroying full one-third of the barricade, then toppling over and crashing down the slope into the midst of the terror-stricken horses, killing two and setting the remainder free. A moment later the second mass descended, but though it struck fairly upon the stone wall, the horrified whites had sprung back beneath the sheltering rock, and no one was injured.

At the moment the first rock was seen to fall, the White Sioux sounded his war-wkoop and led the charge. As he drew within range, he sunk behind the body of his mustang, an example followed by each of his braves; but instead of riding straight at the fort, he veered to the left and sped past, pausing only when beyond rifle-range up the valley, performing the feat without the loss of a warrior, though several hasty shots were discharged from the fort.

The instant after the horse

of ammunition.

Coolly and cautiously the braves completed their preparations. The sharpened stems of the cedars were thrust into the ground, so that their tops formed a hedge around the bowlders. Another was secured to the top of the rock, while smaller pieces were bound around the Indians' heads. By this means, the ambushed marksmen could fire from several different points without danger of being seen by the white men, who, in return, could only fire at random.

white men, who, in return, could only fire at random.

Two more masses of rock were sent down from above, and the stone barricade was almost demolished. The concealed marksmen opened a brisk and telling fire, and the whites were forced to crouch low down against the rear wall to avoid being picked off.

The White Sioux saw that the moment for decisive action had come, and giving a signal for the braves above to cease their labors, he dismounted and led his braves on foot along the foot of the rocks, completely covered by the screened marksmen beyond. Their progress was swift but noiseless. They bore only revolvers, knives and hatchets, resolved to end all at one stern grapple, hand-to-hand.

They reached the foot of the blood-stained slope, and then, in line, began the ascent. Not a sound came from the defenders above, though the scraping of moccasined feet upon the slippery rocks must have met their ears. Were they too thoroughly cowed for even a show of resistance?

Up the red braves crawled, until their heads were scarce a yard below the edge of the shelf. Then, with a wild yell, they sprung forward, the White Sioux at their head!

CHAPTER XV.

out on parole—"

"Too thin, boss," grinned Watson. "'Twon't do to run the resk of havin' two stories git to the fort. You don't git a chaince to leave this afore the money is paid an' all things settled fa'r an' squar'. An'to save the trouble o' some one's settin' up with ye, I reckon you'd better let us putt on these ropes ag'in."

"You'll be sorry for this, some time," was all that Happy Jack said, as he submitted to the inevitable.

the money is paid an' all things settled fa'r an' squar'. An' to save the trouble o' some one's settin' up with ye, I reckon you'd better let us putt on these ropes ag'in."

"You'll be sorry for this, some time," was all that Happy Jack said, as he submitted to the inevitable.

He was bound hand and foot, his hat pulled far down over his eyes, then placed upon the rude litter. Watson, carrying the light, led the way through a winding passage for some distance, finally pausing before a small niche in the wall. The prisoner was rolled from the litter, and after a few mocking words, the outlaws retraced their steps.

Happy Jack's first idea was to get rid of the hat, which feat he soon accomplished by rubbing his head against the floor. Then he thoroughly tested the strength of his bonds, only to find that they were too strong and had been too carefully applied for him to either burst or slip them off. There was nothing for it but to wait as patiently as he might until the letter he had written should perform its mission.

He had much to think ef. There was his first meeting with Kate Markham, closely followed

something had gone wrong, and watched the elimbing brave with anything but amiable feelings. He had counted so surely upon success that the idea of failure was bitter indeed. In silence he awaited the arrival of the messenger, but a hot glow filled his eyes as he listened to the report. The prospect of success was even brighter than when he believed his bold plan was working to perfection.

He hastily gave his warriors their instructions, making sure that each one fully understood what was expected of him, and while they

And, thinking of all these things, the scout, despite his bonds, fell soundly asleep, breathing as peacefully as though danger was a thing un-

known.

How long he slept, whether it was hours or only minutes, Happy Jack never knew, but when his eyes opened to to the inky blackness, his every sense was fully alive. All was still as death, yet he felt that some unusual sound had awakened him. He felt it in every nerve—that peculiar sensation we all have felt, at one time

awakened him. He fett it in every nerve—har peculiar sensation we all have felt, at one time or another.

Now, as he listened with painful keenness, he caught a faint, rustling sound, that seemed gradually drawing nearer—a sound that might be made by a man stealing cautiously upon a sleeping foe, knife in hand; and for a moment he believed that some one of the outlaws was come to murder him, since they had, as they believed, the only service they could expect or wish. A moment's reflection, however, showed him the folly of this idea. Baby Tom was not the man to take so much trouble, when a single pistol-shot would have answered as well, the moment he was satisfied that the letter was written in strict accordance with his views.

"Hist!" came a low, cautious whisper. "I am a friend, come to serve you, if I can."

"Who are you?" muttered the scout, in the same guarded tones.

"The woman who read your letter to those ruffians. I have waited until they are all asleep, except the two men standing guard before the entrance. If you can pass them, you are safe."

"And the—the lady? I will not attempt to

asteep, except the two men standing guard before the entrance. If you can pass them, you are safe."

"And the—the lady? I will not attempt to escape without her."

"I expected you would say as much, nor do I blame you. But consider. You can do her no good while you remain here, a bound captive, but you can serve her, once a free man. It is rank folly to even dream of her sharing your flight, at night, and possibly pursued. You must go alone."

"And desert her? What would she think—"

"That you were acting rightly. She knows what I am doing. She bade you hasten to her father for aid. She will be treated fairly, because these men love gold even more than they do women. Come—your answer? Every moment you linger lessens your chances. Refuse, and to-morrow you may be a dead man. I saved you once, by reading that letter falsely—I was listening when Watson gave you your directions—but there are two men belonging to the band who can read, though they are off now, on some duty. If they should return—"

"If she bids me go, I will obey. But can it be done?"

"If you are cool and skillful, as I think. I

be done?"
"If you are cool and skillful, as I think.
"If you are load was poss—they are load." "'If you are cool and skillful, as I think. I have brought you weapons—they are loaded, and will not fail you. And you can have this knife, when I have cut your bonds—so! Take the cords with you, and that will be one clew the less for them, and may prevent suspicion from falling upon me. Now listen, and mark my words well. Give me your hand—there. Keep your hand upon this wall, follow it carefully until it leads you into the place where you wrote your letter. Then follow the left-hand wall; it will guide you to the passage leading to the opening where two men are standing guard. The chances are you will find them asleep. If so, you can slip by without an alarm. If not—but that you can answer as well as I. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly—but why—that is—"
"You wonder why I am trying to defeat the

"Ferfectly—but why—that Is—"
"You wonder why I am trying to defeat the
plans of the men I am living with? Some day
you may understand, but there is no time now.
Surely I have risked enough to prove that I am

sincere?"

"I would as soon doubt my own mother! I thank you—some time I hope to prove how strateful I am—"

"I ask no thanks. Follow my directions, and may God prosper you! Wait here while you can count two hundred. By that time I will be safe back to my charge."

Without another word, the woman glided away, leaving Happy Jack in a state little short of bewilderment. It seemed like a dream—but he knew that his limbs were free, that he was well armed, that he was given a fair chance for life and freedom, and his usual coolness soon returned.

First counting the number

CHAPTER XV

A slow, monotonous tone the woman readon, word for word, as Happy Jack had transcribed them. To describe the scout's sensations would be impossible, though his face of the scout's continued and impassive as marble, betrayed the point of leaping right hand stood Ben Watson, escerly listening to the words as they fell from the woman's lipst to the words as they fell from the woman's lipst be esized by a quick and reserve his course. At the end of the table hearest his right hand stood Ben Watson, escerly listening right hand stood Ben Watson, escerly listening for ward with never an an expectang almost word for word. Happy Jack was just on the point of leaping forward when—could de believe his ears?

Instead of reading what he had written, the woman was repeating almost word for word. At the socut, and Watson appeared satisfied.

At the socut, suspicion in his snaky eye, but Happy and the word with the standard and acreived phinting in the sharp chines an uncountor?

In stead of reading what he had written, the woman was repeating almost word for word with incose. To pass them undispendent of the point of leaping forward when—could be believe his ears?

Instead of reading what he had written, the word with incosed the point of leaping forward when—could be believe his ears?

Instead of reading what he had written, the word with the count of the point of leaping forward when—could what he had written, the word with the count of the point of leaping forward when—could deal with the word with in the first hole with the word with the word with in the first hole with the word with the word with in the first hole word with in the first hole with the word was a word with the word with the word with the word with the wor

be impossible.

Fortune stood his friend, and he covered fully

result. His suspense was short. The voices ceased just before the entrance to the pocket. There was a momentary silence, after which the stiff bushes began to rustle, as though somebody was endeavoring to force an entrance.

The bushes parted—and the hunted man could faintly distinguish the figure of a man before him!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 414.)

The Flame-Gantlet.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

Away to the North-west, through a wild, desolate tract of country, within the territory of the Hudson Bay Company, surrounded by dreary pine forests extending for miles and miles, alternating in dismal swamps, high, jagged bluffs, dark ravines, and rock-bound gullies. There the flood of the Kaskongshadi—Indian name for broken water—a stream noted even in that wild region for its rugged corges and furi-

miles, alternating in dismat swamps, high, lagged bluffs, dark ravines, and rock-bound gullies. There the flood of the Kaskongshadi—Indian name for broken water—a stream noted even in that wild region for its rugged gorges and furious rapids, though ever and anon intercepted with broader stretches of rippling, sunny, palegreen water, rushes on its way, gathering new impetus at every winding and every rapid, till suddenly met by the outstretching arm of Big Pine Bluff. Then its current, dashed back by the stolid diff, is quickly divided, and angry, foam-lashed, the separated waters rush past the point on either side, the two streams going further and further apart as they continue on their wild and lonely course.

Some years ago, while in the service of the great Fur Company, business called me to Pike's Station, at the head of Lone Lake. Through that densely—wooded country the rivers and creeks afforded the enly way of travel, and my course lay up the right fork of the Kaskongshadi. Accordingly, accompanied by half a dozen friendly Indians, in a large Nor'swest cance, I started on my trip.

It was in midsummer, and the first few days of our journey passed off pleasantly. Then the rapids of the stream were reached, and one after another of them safely passed till the last was met. But here was a series of cataracts the most furious we had found. The water was too deep to admit of wadiag, and the banks were too high and steep for even the nimble-footed Indians to gain a foothold. Still they had passed up here before, and felt they could do it again; so with a hearty good-will, roused by the sight of the placid water above, we bent to our oars; and after fifteen minutes' hard work, with a final mighty effort, the perilous ascent was gained. But, ere we could give utterance to our congratulations of success, the prow of the cance, caught by the rushing tide, was partially turned, when the steersman's paddle strained by the sudden pressure snapped short off! Then, in spite of our wild exertions, the shallop, unguide

shricking tumult, at fearful rapidity, the clouds of spray flung from the mad stream nearly blinding us. But suddenly, high above the raging of the cataract, sounded a hissing, crackling roar, and then there burst upon our startled vision a sight so appalling that the perils of the mad torrent, great as they were, were instantly forgotten.

gotten.

Below us, upon either hand, the forest was all in flames! As far as the eye could see the conflagration extended, shrouding alike the stunted underbrush and the lofty pine in its flery folds, till heaven and earth seemed one living

sea of fire!

Frantic with terror we seized our paddles with redoubled energy, to win our way back from that fearful passage. But the canoe had gained a powerful impulsion, and against this, with the increasing fury of the stream, our efforts were lost. Ay, we soon saw to our dismay there was only one inevitable course for us, and that was through a gantlet of fire!

Though guiding as much as we could the headlong course of the boat, it was but a toy in the grasp of the turgid waters, and we were indeed at the mercy of the elements, while our fearful river-race seemed in keeping with the fate to which we

or the elements, while our rearran river-race seemed in keeping with the fate to which we were so fast hastening.

Wilder and swifter ran the maddened current as if impatient to bear us on to that flery passage where the flames met upon either of its banks and arched over its stream upon the over-

banks and arched over its stream upon the overhanging branches of the trees.

Casing the lofty ends of our canoe with wet
blankets, and also wrapping our own forms
with similar covering as our slight but only
shields, we were borne on into that burning
region, the air growing hotter at every breath,
while the flames raged in wilder fury. Upon
every hand the dark, primeval forest was all
ablaze with one great rolling mass of fire; its
mighty trees glowing in fiery radiance as the
forked tongues of the hissing, shrieking destroyer
streamed up their lofty hights, sending jets
of darting fire high into the air, as ravishing them of their gorgeous summer foliage,
and changing their forms to flaming pinnacles
of gleaming embers; while the seething, unearthly roar of the surging conflagration grew
well-nigh deafening; and blending with the elements' fearful tumult was heard every now and
then the thundering reverberations of some forest giant crashing to the earth as felled by the then the thundering reverberations of some for-est giant crashing to the earth as felled by the hand of the fiery slayer, its descent marked by huge volumes of dense smoke and clouds of sparks and cinders rising amidst the scene of terrible grandeur. Breaking in at intervals upon this awful confusion was heard the pierc-ing shrieks of wild animals overtaken in their flight by the flames; while scorched and terrified birds fell thickly around us, to die by a

fied birds fell thickly around us, to die by a quicker death.

Round circuitous windings, past hidden bowlders, and down angry, foaming cataracts following each other, in gigantic leaps, in rapid succession, our gallant canoe was hurled by the swift current of the mad river through the now hot and hissing waters, the fury of the rapids seeming to vie with the frenzy of the flames. As we sped helplessly on, the overhanging trees swept their long, flaming branches across our faces, or strewed the stream and us with burning brands, while we grew weak and faint from the overpowering heat, and the stifled, furnace-like air made us pant for breath. Still, worst of all, as far as our strained and anxious vision could penetrate the lurid haze, there was was no end to the fiery gantlet into which the merciless tide had swept us, and was still bearing us down its unknown course to a certain and fearful death.

An interval of muniferable suffering followed.

and fearful death.

An interval of unutterable suffering followed, passed amid the blinding flash and deafening of the raging flames, and the scarcely less wildly-leaping rush of the mad waters. Then, slowly, our endurance yielded to the flery trial; our breath became more and more labored, and our fire-scorched eyes more dim. Soon my companions, one by one, sunk beneath the dreadful ordeal—some happily unconscious, while others were moaning in their suffocating agony; and then I felt a bewildering exhaustion stealing over me, paralyzing every faculty, when I closed my aching eyes as I believed forever.

How long we were in that state of insensibility I cannot tell, but we were brought back to consciousness by a cooling breath of air fanning our feverish brows. Arousing from our stupor we found that the narrow gorge of the stream had widened into a broad lake, where our canoe was now at rest, and we were

safe from the vengeance of the flames. At first we could hardly realize that by the guidance of a kind Providence we had been brought safely out of that fearful race through A GANTLET OF

Work and Play.

BESSIE. A pretty center-piece on the dinnertable is a sure indication of the neatness, taste and love of the beautiful in the housewife. And such ornaments are so readily made. Take a glass or china cake-stand, fringe it with ferns, begonias or geranium-leaves, with a vase of flowers in the center. We have often served grapes, cherries and sometimes strawberries in sea-shells. In June and October any home, any table, can be adorned fit for a king. "Poor folks" should remember that, and arrange to entertain friends when roses and vines and fruit are abundant. With the crimson and gold of autumn leaves a basket of apples and grapes can be transformed into an appetizing picture.

MISS SARAH E. A Princess dress can readi MISS SARAH E. A Princess dress can readily be created from another style of garment by having the center forms, back and front, made of either velvet or damasse silk, if the old dress is of plain silk. The side gores must be of the original silk. The front and side gores may be trimmed across or diagonally, with side-pleatings if there should be enough of the material, or else fringe; but lace is now so fashionable that it can be borrowed from one costume to lend grace to another. The train is generally left plain, and across the front, quite low down, a scarf drapery can be added, made of the figured fabric, laid gracefully around or diagonally, and tied behind, the ends falling carelessly upon the train. ly upon the train.

Mrs. M. E. Warren says: "As a new beginner in housekeeping I find it most difficult to provide dishes for breakfast that are specially provide dishes for breakfast that are specially new and nice," etc., etc., and asks for suggestions. We can hardly afford space to answer. A good cook-book is an invaluable assistant, especially to young housekeepers. We may offer a a hint for one or two nice dishes that we like: Take the cold boiled beef, or other meat, left from yesterday's dinner, and the mashed potatoes; mince the meat and mix with the potatoes; salt if necessary; add some sweet milk to moisten enough to form into balls. In a shallow dish heat up two or three eggs with some salt moisten enough to form into balls. In a shallow dish beat up two or three eggs with some salt and pepper. Roll the balls in this and fry a nice brown. Send to the table immediately. Or this: Toast some bread; over it spread ham minced, with butter added, and two eggs, stirred all together over a hot fire. Cream or milk may be added to the ham and eggs while cooking, if desired.

v. B. "To make a wall-pocket for leaves and ferns" use either gilt card-board or long white splints. A square of card-board is cut in half, diagonally, and sewed to a pasteboard back of the same shape, but a little smaller so that the front will curve out somewhat. Work an initial in the center of the card-board, and trim round with plaited satin ribbon, and hang against the wall. The splints are interwoven, horizontally and perpendicularly, like wicker-work, until a perfect square is formed of sixteen splints each way; the space between each splint equals the width of the splint. When you have formed two of these squares, place one, cornerwise, upon the other, so that the front one will curve slightly from the back. Upon the center fasten a little bouquet of grasses and tiny leaves, with a bow of ribbon, and upon the two corner spaces of the background, which will be left at the bottom, add two smaller bouquets. Upon the four points of the front piece put little ribbon bows, and add six splints at the top, to form a fancy piece by which to hang the pocket.

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In Church. He shuts the church door, slow and sure,
And somewhat in a manner solemn,
As if to shut all sin without,
And up the aisle walks like a column.
He takes the corner of his pew
Which never can be filled by proxy,
He'd no more have a stranger there
Than new views in his orthodoxy.

He's had that seat for twenty years,
And worn out several pants and cushions;
A stranger on the other end
Would interfere with his devotions.
The Sunday-outside of his face
You see is most serenely frigid;
He always sits down with "ahem,"
A rule he sticks to very rigid.

He always coughs and starts the tunes,
And sings ahead for sake of leading,
And then blows his devotional nose
As satisfied with the proceeding.
The parson pictures torments dire
Far—far below for wicked people,
And as he sees them going down,
His amens rise up to the steeple.

The hopeless bale of sinful man
When he shall call on rocks to grind him
The parson paints; the deacon groans
And quite wakes up the man behind him.
"But oh, the righteous shall find peace
And dwell in valleys growing greenly!"
He rubs the world's dust off his sleeve,
And then he strokes his beard serenely.

"Woe to the sinner in his ways!"
The deacon sternly looks around him;
The slumbers of the good are sweet,
And soon we see that sleep has bound him.

The closing exhortation wakes
The deacon to take up collection: The business-jingling-penny makes Sad havoc with his soul's reflection.

He leaves the church with stately step;
His cloak is on, and deftly covers;
He puts his hat on in the porch
And a few friendly greetings suffers.
The inner life hath fed on thoughts
That make his heart of peate the winner;
The inner man, too, must be fed,
And so, his thoughts are fixed on dinner.

Out of Church. When out the deacon drives a trade
With very rare discrimination,
And people say he's thriving well
All on his Christian reputation.
'Tis said the groceries which he doles
Are not beyond himself in purity;
And then, he lends unto the poor—
At twelve per cent., and good security.

His week-day ritual is quite strong, And little of the Sabbath lingers;

And little of the Sabbath lingers;
His dealings with the world are warm,
And people sometimes burn their fingers.
And neighbors round about him say
He'd be a model man on Monday
If, in the morning he'd put on
The suit of clothes he wears on Sunday.

Post and Plain;

Rifle and Revolver in the Buffalo Range.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

AFTER THE HUNT.

"That makes jest twenty-nine head," said Old Mart, thoughtfully, as he wiped out his long rifle and surveyed the old bull. "I've seen the time, and I'm 'most 'shamed to tell it, too, Launce, when I've counted nigh on two hundred buffler in a day killed from one stand by a feller I knowed."
"Where was that?" I asked

"" "Where was that?" I asked.
"Down in the South Buffalo Range," he answered, "close to the pan-handle of Texas, in '73. They used to go out in parties, one to shoot, two to skin and one to cook, and by gosh, sir, the poor buffler had no peace of their lives. There warn't a water-hole but had its party camped nigh it, and not a hide nor hoof could get to that water without gettin' shot. Man, dear, the very rivers was lined with the durned skunks, keepin' the poor critters from drinking."

ing."
And what was the end of it?" I asked.
"The end was that, in "74, in places whar ye used so see the hull country black with herds it was white with skulls and bones, and to-day they've druv'em all off for good."
"Then why didn't the government stop it?" I

nnocently demanded.
Old Mart laughed bitterly. "Did ye ever know government stop a bad deed or help a good ene, Launce? Not in this country! No; the buffler's goin', and in ten years more there won't be any. It's no use fur me to spare 'em. Some one else will kill 'em ef we don't, so we mout as well hev some fun—

hey, Launce?"

He was interrupted by the appearance of a train of lumbering, creaking wagons coming from the direction of the fort, attended by a

"Reckon they'll have plenty of fresh meat to last till nigh Christmas," said Mart, as he eyed the wagons. "They won't waste much of those carkidges, Launce."
Here we heard a bugle-note, sweet and clear,

"That's the boys," explained Mart. "They had a tooter along with them. Thur lookin' for camp. Cut off your own tails, Launce, so nobody else kin claim 'em, for greenies at a buf-

fler-hunt is the meanest cusses to steal I ever

As he spoke a second bugle sounded from the head of the coming wagon-train, and I reflected that if I wanted to secure my trophies I had better do so. Mart lent me his big butcherbetter do so. Mart lent me his big butcher-knife, and I quickly accomplished my task, com-ing out richer by five buffalo-tails than when I left the fort in the morning. I confess, how-ever, that I felt prouder of the old bull that had cost me such a severe chase than of any of the rest. I had killed him like a sportsman kills, while I felt that the butcher-knife was most fit for the others.

Old Mart went round to the carcasses and had his bunch of five tails dangling by the tufts as

the wagon-train came up.
"Let them carry the traps home, Launce," he said, dryly, as he took up his gun to move away. "Sojers is paid to do that kind of work. Me and you don't do it."

and you don't do it."

The old man had all the mixture of dislike and contempt felt by the average American mechanic for the common soldier, and yet it seemed to me that there was no occasion for the when I pointed out the trail of my horse coming from where I had left my own dead buffalo, the sergeant told me not to trouble myself, that

the sergeant told me not to trouble myself, that the meat should be recovered.

"Now, then, for the fort," cried Mart, and we set off for our walk over the frozen plain, following the back trail of the wagons.

Very soon we had topped one of the many imperceptible swells, and the wagons vanished from sight, when we again found ourselves ap-

parently alone on the plain.

Not quite alone, however, as Mart soon pointed out. I saw something flit over the top of a swell in the neighborhood, and asked what it was. It was gone before I could see it fairly.
"Reckon a wolf," answered Mart, gruffly.

"Thar's lots on 'em sneakin' round now. They smells the offal. The boys 'll be fur runnin' 'em to-morrer, I reckon. Prime sport, Launce."
"What's prime sport?" I demanded. "Why, runnin' wolves, in course! They does it at all the posts now, to keep theirselves

ahead of us, one of the numerous ravines that seam the landscape in the West. "Bet thar's a dozen wolves in thar, waitin'," seam the landscape in the West.

"Bet thar's a dozen wolves in thar, waitin'," averred old Mart, grinning.

We passed quietly on till we came to the radius Mart showed him.

"Why, that's more than our whole party have got," he cried. "We had eleven hunters and only killed seventeen buffaloes."

As he spoke, I saw a dark crack in the plain

vine, a seam about six feet deep at the head, but getting deeper as it advanced. Sure enough, there was a grand scurrying down be-low, and we saw the wolves running away like

Old Mart pitched his rifle to his shoulder, and sent a bullet flying after them, which elicited a shrill yell but no dead wolf.

"Durn the brutes," he said, shaking his fist at them. "They've stole too many of my brotherin-law's sheep for me to let 'em go. I hates every hide and hair of 'em."

It was the first time I had ever heard old Mart Sykes mention himself or his belongings in any way, and I inquired:

"Where does your brother-in-law."

Oh they

It was the first time I had ever heard old Mart Sykes mention himself or his belongings in any "Where does your brother-in-law lies, Mart?"

Where does your brother-in-law lies, Mart?"

And as such moments—such as hour, and I have been such as the content of the pinks. The cussed wolves would plague them shaep nigh to death—the varminist!—and we used to set up nights watchin for ren, till love Mirandy Jane better's any o' my brother-in-law, Idjah Horton he was—as fur Lige, he was a-growing a love time. How are a such as further than the time. Howaumdever, we fixed 'en any o' my brother-in-law, Idjah Horton he was—as fur Lige, he was a-growing a love time. Howaumdever, we fixed 'en a sign by the content of the content

"I told ye we'd beat ye," grinned old Mart.
"Runnin' buffalo's good for sport, but a stand
unnt's the thing for meat. How many did Cap

Oh, there are times when Heaven's sweet power Asserts o'er us its holy sway;
And at such moments—such an hour,
We can do naught but kneel and pray.
Love grasps the helm and turns our bark
As sweetly as a mother fond
Would lead her babe, till every chord
Within our erring hearts respond.

The tempter gave him an uneasy look and turned away, while Bill stood looking after him

with a moody face.

"If I thought the dog had it in his heart to harm Alice," muttered the hardy villain, "I'd cut his throat before he was out of these woods.

"Then, good-day to you; and when all is over, and the king has his own again, come to me and I'll double the money. By the way, where's Alice?"

"No matter. She's a good girl, is my Alice; too good for such a father. And let me tell you, once for all, that the man that does her wrong, I don't care who he is, I'll kill him like a dog."

The tempeter gave him an uneasy look and death.

"I forgive you," she gasped. "You did not mean the shot for me, and I have saved Alfred's life. Lift me gently, father. I am going to my mother."

mother."
A fluttering sigh, and the spirit of the lovely girl had fled forever.
Bill Bruff laid her gently down, and catching up his revolver, he turned suddenly upon Harry Eaton.
"You hound!" he cried. "You brought this upon me."

upon me."
Both fired together. Harry threw up his arms and fell from the saddle, dead before he touched the ground. Bill Bruff stood like a statue, his hand still extended, and then sunk slowly down.

hand still extended, and then sunk slowly down. By this time Alfred was on his feet, and a weapon in his hand.

"Don't shoot," said Bill, faintly. "I've got my ticket—that man hired me to kill you, but she heard us plotting and came to save you. She was the only thing I loved on earth, and now she's gone I'm glad I'm booked through. One thing you may say, Bill Bruff died game."

A shudder passed through his frame and he was dead. Alfred turned to look at his brother, and saw him lying dead, with the look of malicious hatred frozen on his face.

There was no mourning for Harry Eaton and Bill Bruff, but when Alice was laid to rest they knew that no purer spirit ever passed through the Beautiful Gates.

Ripples.

THE average female dresses for her lover or her husband, the girl for her rivals; but only the true woman for herself.

STONEWALL JACKSON held that three kinds of courage prevail among soldiers in battle, based respectively on insensibility, pride, duty.

"FLOUR," says a Chicago exchange, "has declined one dollar." It requires a good deal of moral courage to decline a dollar in these times. A DRUNKEN legislator said that he was a self-nade man. "That fact," said Mr. Greeley, relieves the Almighty of a great responsi-

The German woman is covered, the Englishwoman clothed, the Frenchwoman dressed; fashions are created in Paris, copied in France, and run into the ground abroad.

A BOY who borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark, "It was very nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America, and now is in turn discovered. His skeleton was found the other day and the first thing done was to photograph his remains. To judge from the photograph, Christopher was a handsome man.

At twenty you know everything; at thirty you have your doubts; at forty there are some things you don't know; at fifty you are only sure of your ignorance, and after that you read Mr. Beecher's sermon on everlasting punish-Mr. Beecher's sermon on everlasting punishment and hope he is right.

The Model Weekly!

The Respectable Popular Paper Home Weekly of New York.

The New York Saturday Journal

For 1878.

WITHOUT A RIVAL sterling journal of Wholesome Literature for fireside reading life and adventure it has no peer.

IN STORIES OF HEART LIFE, where love is portrayed in all its power and purity, it leads all others.

for our young men and boy readers, no other weekly published can compare with it in first class merit.

OF EXCLUSIVE AUTHORS. those writing only for the Saturday Journal—no other weekly can boast of a better corps. Capt. Mayne Reid, the modern J. Fenimore Cooper of romantic adventure in the Far West and South West, who commands the admiration of a corld of readers,

Albert W. Aiken, in his city life and wild ro-Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell stands at the cont as a writer of dramatic fiction of the best

Oll Coomes, in his boys' tales of adventure in the Indian country, is incomparable and unchal-lenged in his field.

Corinne Cushman, in serials of Love and Society, and of Girls Life, "is a bright, particular star." Joseph E. Badger, Jr.'s thrilling dramatic tories of prairie and mountain life, adventure and

stories of prairie and mounta character, stand pre-eminent. They rode on, a black groom following close Charles Morris, the Charles Dickens of Amer-ea, in stories of boys' life in our great cities.

Capt. Frederick Whittaker, whose his-prical romances stamp him as the Free Lance of the literature. Col. Delle Sara, the man of many lands and any adventures, who tells his story with a dash-ig, graphic pen.

Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who is equally Rett Winwood, never failing in deep, abiding

Mary Grace Halpine, the keen reader of uman nature and vivacious novelist. These and many others make each issue of the

A BRILLIANT LITERARY WORLD.

The list of sketch and short story contributors sespecially strong, embracing, beside the names above mentioned, such authors as Eber E. Rexford, Lucille Hollis, Mattie Dyer Britts, Henri Montcalm, I. C. Harbaugh, Hap Hazard, Edward L. Wheeler, Lapt. Charles Howard, A. W. Bellaw, Maro O. Rolfe, Jennie Davis Burton, Roger Starbuck, etc. IN "DEPARTMENTS"

the SATURDAY JOURNAL vies with all other weekiies in novelty, interest and usefuiness. Answers to Correspondents—Topics of the Times—Work and Play—Sports and Pastimes—Ripples—Editor's Paragraphs—all are distinguished by a freshness, originality and suggestiveness that render them entertaining and valuable Features.

The Saturday Journal is Published Weekly at the following rates:



"We are safe here," said this man, laying his hand upon the broad breast of his companion.

of money, got on a bu'st—"
"Hold on, Mart. How many were there to

"And each of them had a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars?" "No, no," protested Mart, soberly. "I rouldn't tell a lie to ye, Launce. They didn't ev more'n 'bout a hundred apiece."

Then they only killed twenty-five hundred The old hunter scratched his head with a com-

Do you make it that, Launce?" he demanded. haif apiece makes twenty-five hundred wolves,"
"Reckon you're right," admitted Mart, coolly; "but I allers makes it out seven million.

Howsumdever, every man on em got on a bu'st and it all went back to the State, for the guy'nor was interested in the best barrooms nor was interested in the best barrooms in To-peka, whar they paid the money. Thar's old Nap, at last, I swow!"

He broke off to point at the fort, which lay right in front of us by the banks of the broad

The lately turbid and rushing river lay white and silent before us, locked up for the winter. The frosty night had consolidated the floating ice, and the old ferry-boat had been hauled up

the bank, while the rope no longer sagged in the "Twon't be safe to cross till to-morrow," remarked Mart, as he looked at the river. "Arter that the sleighs will be runnin' all the time. Hark! hyar's the boys back."

I became aware of a great crackling and trampling on the snow at some distance behind us, and we heard a cheery shout.

We looked back. The mounted buffalo-hunters were coming gayly toward the fort, headed by the Indian scouts, yelling and galloping to and fro, as they waved their trophies in the air. At the head of all was little Charley Green, flourishing a buffalo tail, and to all appearance frantic with joy. He came dashing

pearance frantic with joy. He came dashing up at full speed and screamed out: "Hooray, Launce! I've fixed him. I've killed a bull!" Charley was so proud of his feat that I had o heart to mortify him, and so listened attentively to his story of how he had picked out the bull all by himself and followed it till it

dropped, firing twelve shots before he killed his game. At last he asked: 'How many did you kill, Launce?"

I showed him the bunch of tails. "Five?" Charley stared and his face fell. Then he

"How many for you, Mart?"
"Twenty-five, 'twixt me and Jack Moore,"
said the hunter, soberly. "We mout hev hed torty, ef we'd waited."
"He rides fr through Wolf Ge time and place."
"I'll be there. look, "and my

ing his hand upon the broad breast of his ruf-flanly companion. "There is no danger of our being overheard."
"No," growled the villain. "There ain't no "No," growled the villain. "There ain't no one nigh, as I knows on. They don't like to nanker round Bill Bruff's ranch too much,

'specially if they are spies. I don't vally a man's life a pin's worth if he stands in my way."
"And what would you do if there was money
in it, Bill?" demanded the other, in a hissing

Bruff. "You know that—none so well as you, for you've used me afore now on the strength of it. Why the dence don't you're I like money, Master Harry," answered of it. Why the deuce don't you speak out? If there's work to do I'm the man to do it, if you

make the pay enough."
"I thought I knew you, Bill. Listen, then; there is a man in my way, Bill—a man I hate as I hate the devil—a man I'd give a thousand dollars to see lying dead at my feet."
"Then why don't you lay him there? You used to be game enough."

"I can't show in it, Bill. If it were a man I could insult and then call out and shoot like a dog it would be all right. But I can't do it, Bill, and when you know the name you'll understand it. Bend closer."

Bill Bruff stooped, and the man whispered in his ear. Villain, hardened to the heart's core, yet Bruff started back with a cry of surprise.

"Hum! I didn't think it was in any man's heart to turn against one with the same blood in his veins. But it don't matter to me, I

"You, at least, have no cause to love him."
"You knew that when you came for me, didn't you, Master Harry? Well, so be it, then; name your price and I'll say yes or no to it."
"You shall have a thousand dollars; as I

"Enough; I'll do it. I've done as bad for half the money, and yet when I think how much "How much! When he is rolling in money, and doles it out to me as if it were charity! But it isn't that so much; there's something more

What's that?" demanded Bill, drawing a pistol, and leaping into the bushes like a panther, while his companion drew back into the shadow of the tree with a low cry. He heard Bill Bruff beating to and fro through the bushes, but at last he came back.
"I'd have sworn I saw the bushes move," de-clared Bill, "but I reckon it was the wind.

"Where will he be to-night?"
"He rides from the Edgeworth Plantation through Wolf Gap after nightfall. That's your

time and place."

"I'll be there," replied the man, with a dark look, "and my hand has forgotten its cunning if he lives to trouble you after that. I carry the mark of his whip upon my face yet, and when I hear his name I can feel it burn and throb. I'd have done it for half the money."

"Wall, ye see, all the wolf-hunters bein' flush f money, got on a bu'st—"
"Hold on, Mart. How many were there to hare the money?"
"Wall, reckon 'bout a hundred."
"And each of them had a hundred and sev-"
"And each of them had a hundred and sev-"
"There is no danger of our being perate deeds and received little punishment unless the stern hands of the Lynchers were laid upon them. To reach Wolf Gap, a dark mountain pass, and in its shelter do the deed for which the price of blood had been promised, was Bruff's object now. He knew the history of these two brothers, so like in eyery feature. f these two brothers, so like in every feature but so utterly different in character—the one a man of honor, who was loved by all, and the other a dissipated gambler. Again and again had the elder brother lifted Harry out of the had the elder brother lifted Harry out of the mire and set him on his feet, and perhaps things might have gone on in this way for years had they not both loved the same woman, who knew the gold from the dross. And this night the false brother was leading the man who had slept in the same cradle with him to a sudden and awful death in the solitude of the mountain

They had spent the afternoon at the Edge worth plantation, and in the cool evening started to ride home, jesting as they bade adieu to Norah at the door. And as Harry Eaton surprised the look of tender confidence which passed between his brother and the woman he loved, he ground his teeth together savagely.

"Bid her good by" he muttered. "It is the last farewell unless Bill Bruff should play me false, and if he does—"

behind.

"I am glad to have you alone with me, Harry," said the elder brother, "because I have something to tell you. Do you know that Norah has promised to be my wife?"

"I thought as much," replied Harry, bending his head low to hide the demoniac expression which came into his face. "I am glad to think that to night ends it."

which came into his face. "I am glad to think that to-night ends it."

"I'll do the fair thing by you, Harry," said Alfred. "I'll give you the north plantation if you'll promise never to touch the cards again."

"Anything you like, I'll promise," answered Harry. "Ah; there's Wolf's Gap ahead. A fine place for an ambuscade on a dark night."

"There is no danger now," replied Alfred, as he dashed into the pass closely followed by his brother. "I've seen the time, however, when Wolf's Gap was not a pleasant place to ride Wolf's Gap was not a pleasant place to ride

It was a dismal spot, indeed. On either hand rose the precipitous sides of the pass, covered with ragged bowlders, among which grew mountain scrub-oak and low pines, forming an almost impenetrable cover. Alfred dashed gayly, thinking of no danger, when there started up before him a masked man, with a heavy revolver in his hand. Without a word he level-

revolver in his hand. Without a word he leveled the weapon and pulled.

Alfred had been a soldier, and, quick as thought, he caused his horse to rear and receive the bullet in his breast, and he fell, unluckily catching Alfred's foot between his body and the ground, and for the moment the young man was helpless. With a bitter oath the assassin pointed his weapon again and pulled the trigger.

ger.

Just then there came a cry from a woman's lips, and a light form flitted between the assassin and his victim. His finger was on the trigger, and the bullet